

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.
Washington Union Coal Company.

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MAY, 1926

THE BEST SAFETY
DEVICE IS A
CAREFUL MAN

Still Another Record

First came January—greatest in Dodge Brothers history!

Then February—another record month!

And now, at the hour this is written, reports from all parts of America clearly indicate that March not only surpassed every previous March but piled up the greatest record of sales EVER achieved by Dodge Brothers' great organization.

An overwhelming expression of public confidence in Dodge Brothers and in the goodness and value of the car they build!

Experience has taught more than 1,600,000 motorists that Dodge Brothers product stands alone and unparalleled in solid dollar-for-dollar worth.

Thirty thousand new owners a month are finding everything they value most highly in a motor car:

Long Life—Dependability—Exceptional Riding Comfort—Good Looks, and Smoothness of Operation.

And they also find SAFETY in the all steel body construction, double-strength steering unit, and a chassis made brute-staunch with more pounds of drop forgings and chrome vanadium steel than in any other car in the world, regardless of price.

McCurtain Motor Company

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

E. L. WETZEL

Mens Suits Cleaned
and Pressed

\$1.50

TELEPHONE 158W

T. Seddon Taliaferro, Jr.
Attorney



ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

Shoes and Hosiery

THE STYLE AND COMFORT OF
OUR MERCHANDISE WILL BE
REMEMBERED LONG AFTER
THE PRICE HAS BEEN
FORGOTTEN

MACK SHOE COMPANY

Opposite Depot

Rock Springs, Wyo.

The Place to Get
Good Things to Eat
HOWARD'S

Corner S. Front and C Street

Rock Springs, Wyoming

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF

The First National Bank, Rock Springs, Wyo.

At the Close of Business, April 12, 1926.

RESOURCES.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|------------|----|-----------------------|
| Loans and Discounts— | | | |
| Commercial Paper ... | 45,000.00 | | |
| Other Loans | 738,822.76 | \$ | 783,822.76 |
| Overdrafts | | | 589.52 |
| Banking House | | | 169,985.80 |
| Furniture & Fixtures... | | | 27,867.17 |
| Other Real Estate— | | | |
| (Old Bank Bldg.) ... | | | 21,436.54 |
| Quick Assets: | | | |
| Liberty Bonds | 91,925.00 | | |
| Other U. S. Bonds..... | 145,200.00 | | |
| Warrants, Bonds, Securi- | | | |
| ties & Claims..... | 189,054.40 | | |
| Call Loans | 317,500.00 | | |
| Cash on hand and due | | | |
| from banks | 483,392.32 | | 1,227,071.72 |
| TOTAL | | | \$2,230,773.51 |

LIABILITIES:

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|----------------|
| Capital | \$ | 100,000.00 |
| Surplus | | 75,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | | 526.45 |
| Reserve for Taxes, Int., etc..... | | 25,000.00 |
| Circulation | | 98,700.00 |
| Deposits | | \$1,931,547.06 |

\$2,230,773.51**OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS**

A. Kendell, President
B. J. Carollo, Cashier
J. H. Brooks, Director

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Flowers for all occasions

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Company Stores

CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH

Furniture

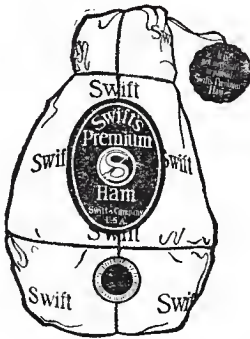
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Bedding

FROM

The
Colorado Bedding
Co.

Denver, Colo.



Tono Market

Government Inspected Meat

Everyone who likes Fancy Cuts—and most everyone does—will find these Delicious Cuts in our market.

PREMIUM HAMS

The most economical way of all is to buy a whole or half ham.

Thus it costs you less per pound. And because you can serve it in many tempting ways, it is always welcome until the last delicious part is consumed.

The place to get good things to eat

All fresh Fruits—Berries and Vegetables in season
Come and let us help you plan your evening meal.

Washington-Union Coal Company Store

TONO, WASHINGTON

The Latest Thing in Lighting

The new National Edison Mazda Lamp, frosted on the inside, gives a soft restful light and protects the eyes. Superior to the old clear glass lamp, yet sells for the same price.

See it lighted and be convinced.

Southern Wyoming Electric Co.

Rock Springs, Wyo.

Phone 61

Park Hotel Bldg.

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 3

MAY, 1926

NUMBER 5

It Can Be Done

TO reduce accidents in our mines requires two things, *the will to take safety as a real moral obligation, and thereafter the will to do.* A few days ago we discussed safety matters with the Manager of the Denver Safety Council and that gentleman showed us, with deserved gratification, the progress made toward reducing the number of automobile fatalities occurring in Denver. Here are the figures:

| Year | No. Automobiles Registered | Deaths by Automobiles | Deaths per 10,000 Automobiles | Per Cent Decrease... |
|------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1922 | 45,849 | 58 | 12.6 | ... |
| 1923 | 55,941 | 41 | 7.3 | 42.0 |
| 1924 | 66,976 | 39 | 5.8 | 53.9 |
| 1925 | 72,312 | 25 | 2.9 | 77.0 |

The Denver Safety Council did more than the figures show, the non-fatal accidents were reduced in the same ratio, and further no credit was taken for the growing number of tourist cars that arrive in Denver by thousands each year.

The men who work in and who direct our mines are men of mature years; there is none of the recklessness begotten by extreme youth, or what is worse, intoxication, to enter into our mine safety situation. The improvement in safety made on the streets of Denver is the net result of intelligent, organized co-operation, developed by serious minded men. The pace set by Denver and the railroads can be met by our organization if we once decide to try.

A February Accident

ON February 3rd the Horning Mine of the Pittsburg Terminal Coal Corporation exploded, killing 20 men. At the time of the explosion the men who were killed were engaged in finishing two seals, inby of which was a fire, which had started in the coal cuttings made

by a mining machine which had cut into a gas feeder located in a clay vein. From Coal Age of March 18th we find that:

"The fire which caused the explosion was started about 10:30 A. M. at the face of Butt 16 in Sec. 4. Prior to the fire on Feb. 3, Joseph Mott, fireboss, made two inspections of the places on his run, which included Butt 16. He read his report for that day covering these inspections. No gas was detected at the face of this entry nor at the face of the companion entry. He did detect, however, slight traces of gas being emitted from a clay vein at the face of 9-Face South, one of three entries from which Butts 15 and 16 are turned. Mr. Mott said that he had noticed a portion of a clay vein in the lower left-hand corner of the face of Butt 16. This place had remained idle for about six weeks prior to Feb. 3 while a crosscut was being put through to Butt 15 at a point a short distance behind the faces of these entries."

Failing to extinguish the fire, seals were ordered in and it was while engaged in this work that the lives of the men, including that of Supt. H. M. Ernst, were lost, an accumulation of gas gathered behind the temporary seals igniting from the fire and exploding, rock dusting which had just been commenced a factor in stopping the explosion at the haulage entries where the dusting had been done, some 300 men working in adjacent sections of the mine escaping without injury.

The experience of the men employed in the Horning Mine, which was not considered definitely gaseous, offers an excellent argument for closed lights, water on mining machine cutter bars and the complete elimination of matches from coal mines.

Major Accidents in March

AT 8:00 P. M. March 8th, Mine No. 5 of the Crab Orchard Improvement Company, Eccles, West Virginia, suffered an explosion, 18 men losing their lives therein.

No. 5 Mine is reached through a shaft 520 feet deep, the operation in the Beckley Seam, 80

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Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING. JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

inches thick; the Sewell Seam, 50 inches thick lies 250 feet above the Beckley and while separate hoisting shafts served the two mines, one air shaft served to connect and to ventilate the two seams.

When the explosion occurred 28 men were in No. 5 Mine and 10 of these barricaded themselves off and were rescued in 26 hours after the explosion, the remaining 18 men were asphyxiated by inhaling carbon monoxide. The after damp then worked its way up into No. 6 Mine where 35 men were on duty, one of whom was suffocated, the remaining 34 escaping.

The No. 5 Mine was a closed light mine and indications point to the fact that a mining machine at work drove into a standing body of gas, and although the mine was sprinkled, dust propagated the explosion. Preparations had been made to rock dust the mine and the equipment was on the ground preparatory to beginning the work.

The mine has a bad record, having exploded on April 28th, 1914, killing 181 men, the men in No. 6 Mine getting out alive. The explosion of 1914 was caused by the ignition of gas from an open light, dust carrying the explosion throughout the mine. The experience of the mine people at Eccles would seem to offer a good argument for rock dusting.

Staying on the Job

MINE workers enjoying what a gifted college professor is pleased to term "The Miners Freedom" absent themselves from work, even though the working year be a very short one, to an extent that has provoked much comment in the past, the time thus voluntarily lost averaging from ten to fifteen days out of each hundred that the mines work.

In contrast to this situation the record of Walter W. Smith, Station Agent at Audubon, Iowa, for the Rock Island Railroad, is deserving of mention. Mr. Smith has been employed by the Rock Island Company fifty years, out of service in that time but 141 days, of which 70 were spent in a hospital on account of injuries received. Mr. Smith's per cent of time lost in fifty years, including illness, was but three-fourths of one per cent. Commenting on his prospective retirement, Mr. Smith recently remarked: "I enjoy my work and would like nothing better than to be assured 20 more years of it."

Union Coal Shrinks

THE following article appeared over the signature of Jean Atherton Flexner in "The New Republic," issue of April 21st. Miss Flexner is a definite proponent of labor, having taught economics in The Summer School for Women Workers at Bryn Mawr College, and likewise served as investigator for Governor Smith of New York on his Advisory Commis-

sion, Cloak and Suit Industry, in 1924. The writer does not share the feeling that is held by some, that the Coal Industry would profit by the extinction of the Union, but just as "two and two always and forever will make four," so must the definite unescapable facts of life that surround us all be weighed, measured and taken into account. What sane man could hope for a way out through the calling of "a general strike," which the author says was hinted at, is beyond our limited understanding. May we say again that it is quite time for the mine workers to begin to think in terms other than those of strikes, the futility of which remedy was proven in the recent anthracite strike where 100 per cent of the men were members and very loyal ones at that; the 100 per cent there failed because they were armed only with an ancient and obsolete weapon which the industrial world has outgrown. It will take something approaching a miracle to save the Union if a better program is not soon forthcoming.

Now that the anthracite strike has been settled it is worth while to look at the other and by far the larger part of the miners' problem—bituminous.

The bituminous industry has run up higher doctors' bills than any other industry in the country, and the experts are agreed in diagnosing the chief ailment as over-development. Numerous remedies have been suggested; whether or not any of them can be adopted depends largely upon the attitude of the miners' union, directed by John L. Lewis. A majority of the mine workers belong to the union; the union enjoys the prestige of twenty-five years' steady growth. Where does it stand?

In a nutshell Mr. Lewis proposes to trust to competition and, relying upon this, to let the disease run its course. His argument can be briefly summarized: To be sure, in the past, competition has attacked wages and driven them to starvation levels, but now the union can protect a high wage level. Stability of labor cost and freedom from strikes over a period of years will discourage speculative mining and enable fair competition to rid the industry of superfluous and unfit mines. Reasoning thus the union has maintained the peak wages of 1920 by a five months' strike in 1922, by peaceful renewal in 1923, and by the famous Jacksonville agreement 1924-1927. The union miner will judge this policy by its effect upon his own livelihood, his gain or loss in employment and earnings. Have the proportions of union and non-union coal output changed? At which end is the slack being taken up?

Since the strike which in 1922 shut down two-thirds of the nation's coal producing capacity, union control has been shaken by defections from the ranks of union operators. Three large and powerful companies—the Consolidation Coal Company, the Pittsburgh Coal Company and the Bethlehem Mines Corporation, a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Company—have abandoned the union scale in at least some of their operations. Certain districts in West Virginia and Kentucky, once precious nuclei of organization in non-union areas, have been altogether lost. So serious have these defections become that on November 22, 1925, Mr. Lewis asked President Coolidge to use the influence of the government to hold the operators to their wage agreement with the union. The letter hinted at measures which the United Mine Workers might themselves take—in all probability a soft coal strike—while the anthracite strike is still in progress.

But not only has the union lost ground through the breaking of wage contracts by operators; much more serious has been the further loss of ground through increase in output of traditionally non-union fields and the decline in tonnage of the union strongholds. The fields in which this change has been taking place are the strongly union central competitive field—Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and the Pittsburgh district of Pennsylvania—central Pennsylvania, mixed union and non-union, and the predominantly non-union fields of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. The southern group began to enter the markets of the central competitive field only slightly before 1898; desperate but on the whole fruitless attempts have been made to organize and include them in the system of union collective bargaining.

Between 1898 and 1920 the proportion of the national coal output supplied by the central competitive, union, field increased but little—from 32 per cent to 37 per cent, while the developing southern fields, non-union, increased their share, as was to be expected, from 17 per cent to 26 per cent. Growing demand absorbed both union and non-union coal. However, in the five years since 1920 demand has shrunk. The 1921 output fell back to that of 1910. Nineteen hundred and twenty-two, owing to a five months' stoppage, showed very little improvement and the last three years have averaged 68,000,000 tons less than 1920. The weekly reports of the Geological Survey show that during these five years the output of the non-union fields, far from suffering a reduction proportional to the shrunken demand for coal, has steadily increased while that of the central competitive field and Pennsylvania has declined. Not one of the central competitive field states has reached its 1920 level of production even in the excellent year 1923, while all of the southern states have surpassed theirs. Their share of the national output has been 26 per cent in 1920, 30 per cent in 1923, 37 per cent in 1924, while the Central Competitive Field has fallen back to its 1910 quota. Since the peak of 1920 Pennsylvania has over a five year period declined about 25 per cent. In 1924 its production stood 30 per cent below 1920. West Virginia on the other hand during the same period has maintained an average output equal to 1920 production and in 1924 exceeded 1920 by more than 20 per cent.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-five has brought to the bituminous fields the boon of an anthracite strike and a consequent demand for soft coal substitutes, but unfortunately for the union fields the best coal of this type is located in non-union territory. What has happened? While the daily production curves of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania all dip below 1923 average production, and have at best regained that average, West Virginia and Kentucky rise steeply above their 1923 averages and end the year respectively 40 per cent and 35 per cent above.

The extraordinary rise of the southern fields is not explained wholly by the difference in the wages bill. True, the non-union companies have generally reverted to the 1917 wage scale, or lower, and thus secured a big differential in labor cost. And labor cost constitutes about two-thirds of total cost. But the fine quality of much of the coal in southern West Virginia—its adaptation to such uses as cooking and domestic heating to which none of the coals of the central competitive field, and only little of the Pennsylvania coal is suited, the easy access of the seams, and their late development—all these have given operators in these fields an extremely good start. The growth of industrial centres in the South and the depression which has overtaken certain New England industries, such as textiles and shoes, has quite possibly contributed to the shift in coal production which we are here tracing. Finally a powerful factor in the distribution of coal is the freight rate structure. Railroads anxious to enlarge their carrying trade have helped southern coal

to enter northern markets by fixing favorable long haul rates. In recent years rates have become more favorable to the distant mines than they originally were, for in increasing rates, flat, instead of percentage, differentials between long and short hauls have been preserved, thus making the increase in long haul rates relatively less than the increase in short haul rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been several times invoked to increase the differentials. In a case involving mines in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, the Commission came to the assistance of the near mines, those in Ohio. On the other hand the Commission refused in July, 1925, to revise rates on Lake cargo coal in such a way as to give coal from Ohio, the Pittsburgh district and northern West Virginia, all union districts, a more decided advantage over non-union coal from southern West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Penetration of the New England market by West Virginia coal has taken place by shipment via tide-water; all-rail rates, except on domestic sizes from certain fields, recently adjusted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, are prohibitive. Already in January, 1922, a writer in *Coal Age* asserted that: "In the New England states, particularly in those sections bordering on the Atlantic coast, the water-borne coal from the Pocahontas and New River (W. Va.) non-union mines has practically eliminated the all-rail coal . . . from central Pennsylvania." The observation is repeated with more emphasis in 1924. The situation may be summed up thus: rate differentials on competitive union and non-union coal, while actually favorable to the former, are so small that they offer no material assistance to the older union fields in maintaining themselves against their younger and richer rivals.

The United Mine Workers are at present trusting blindly to laws of competition which seem to be slowly shoving them off the map. So far they have hinted at only one active remedy—a general strike. When non-union mines can produce 50 per cent—some estimates run as high as 70 per cent—of our coal tonnage, this does not look like promising strategy. What, then, will they do during the year and a quarter that the Jacksonville scale has still to run—and after?

Our Mothers

AGAIN, on Mother's Day, which this month gives to us on May ninth, we seek to do homage to our mothers throughout America.

History shows that all through the centuries God has given to woman as well as to man the voice of the singer, the tongue of the orator, the imagination of the poet, the skill of the artist, the wisdom of the statesman, the courage of the explorer.

The Lady Chapel of the Liverpool Cathedral is adorned with windows which commemorate great and good women of Bible times, and of more modern days as well. There are windows dedicated to Christina Rossetti, and all the sweet singers; to Grace Darling, and all the courageous maidens; to Elizabeth Fry, and all pitiful women; to Catherine Gladstone, and all loyal-hearted wives; to Agnes Jones, and all devoted nurses; to Mary Rogers, and all faithful servants.

And we have just had, in Wyoming, a monument erected to the memory of our Sacajawea, the young Indian guide of the Lewis-Clark expedition. As we grow older perhaps we will erect memorials to our pioneer mothers. We ought to. And on Mothers' Day we will honor mothers remembering Whittier's

"The dear Lord's best interpreters,
Are humble human souls,
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls."

Our Message in Music

By John J. Brueggemann

We are happy to present to our readers in this, the month in which comes Music Week, a message from John J. Brueggemann, whose musical teaching means so much to our district.

—Editor.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

—Shakespeare.

When asked for a "Message in Music," we reflected a moment and knew that our message is one with the ages. The message of music for all time is Harmony, and of it and with it are the foundations of life. Of course it has been differently interpreted by human beings, from the savages' blind groping for expression to intelligent appreciation by civilized man.

We see everywhere the evidence of a duality in nature—both sides of the question—and also the demand for unity. Not very long ago the so-called practical man looked upon the musician as a rather unnecessary ornament in the scheme of things. But the dealer in tones and rhythm, though sometimes disheartened by misunderstanding, has pressed steadily onward with his banner "Excelsior." To his aid has come the finding of science or, in other words, nature's old rule of trial and error has given to inquiring minds the knowledge that man has developed long enough along the line of arbitrary discipline. If society is to exist with any degree of health, the pendulum must swing the other way. Ideals based on eternal verities are not changing, but they are being approached differently. Proper emotional expression is absolutely necessary to the well rounded life. So does not music then come into her own?

Here in Rock Springs we see the development of talent in individuals and its unifying force in community activities. Nationalities, schools, churches, musicians long in the field and those just entering are becoming one in bonds of music.

And in conclusion—again our aim and message: To develop happier individuals, thereby happier homes, a better nation and in so doing to contribute our measure to the realization of a message sounded some two thousand years ago, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Community Sunday School Building in Reliance

FOLLOWING the opening of the new school house at Reliance, it was decided to turn the old school building into a much needed Community Sunday School House.

The Reliance Community Council held a special meeting to consider the best plan for doing this and called into consultation representatives of all the organized groups which were in need of a meeting place—so that provision could be made for all needs and the most suitable arrangements arrived at.

The building is being painted, cleaned and renovated according to plans worked out by the group and approved by Messrs. James Libby and C. E. Swann of the Engineering Department. A new heating plant is being installed and the class rooms will be a tremendous help in handling a Sunday School as large as the Reliance one has grown to be.

The Union Sunday School, the Sunday School of the Latter Day Saints, and the Religion Class of the Latter Day Saints will all meet at the new Sunday School House as soon as the changes, now started, are completed.

Eight Hour Day Celebration at Cumberland

THERE are some folks to whom a difficult task is always a welcome challenge, to whom each additional difficulty brings an added incentive to effort. We think the Eight Hour Day Committee of Cumberland must have been made up of such folks. Despite a heavy snow storm which came the last day of the month, making the road between the two villages and the road to town almost impassable, and then another severe blizzard on Eight Hour Day, an excellent program, reinforced by the Cumberland Band, was carried through exactly as arranged. And—somehow—everybody got to the Hall.

The "butcher and baker and candle-stick maker," and all their families were there. Everybody was there. And everybody was glad to be there. And everybody had a good time.

Mr. Joe Birleffi, President of the Local Union, made an excellent chairman. He says he can tell by the color of a man's hair whether he's a real Irishman or not, but that he must hear a woman speak before he can tell the difference between a Finnish and a French accent.

Mr. Harry Fox, President of the State Federation of Labor, made the principal speech of the day. The full program follows:—

PROGRAM

April 1st, 1926

No. 2 Hall

Presentation of candy to children at 9:30 A. M. followed by the following concert program:

| | |
|---|--|
| March—"New Hartford" | Cumberland Band |
| Serenade—"Loves Token" | Cumberland Band |
| Speech | Mr. Harry Fox |
| Vocal Duet | { A. L. Keeney A. S. Dale |
| Piano Solo | Minnie Willison |
| Overture—"Springtime" | Cumberland Band |
| Waltz—"Silver Glade" | Cumberland Band |
| Vocal Solo | Louise Wilde |
| Song Trio | { A. S. Dale Margaret Dale D. G. Nichols |
| Mixed Quartet | Joe Ballantyne and Co. |
| Reading | Impie Heikkanen |
| Vocal Duet | Grace and Estelle Welsh |
| Vocal Duet | Galassi Sisters |
| Piano Solo | Helen Kobler |
| March—"With the Colors" | Cumberland Band |
| Overture—"Patriotic" | Cumberland Band |
| Dance for children at No. 2 Hall at 2 P. M. | |
| Dance for general public at No. 1 Hall at 9 P. M. | |



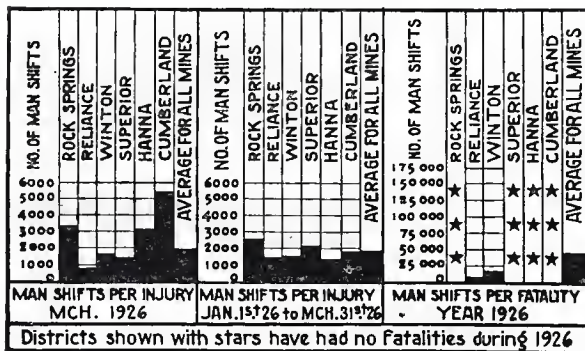
Cumberland Eight-Hour Day Committee: Joe Birleffi, John D. Jones, Gust Sfekas, J. H. Draycott, Karl Welsh, Kenneth Wilcox, John Kobler, Will Callas.



SAFETY



March Accident Graph



ANOTHER fatal accident must be recorded for March. Chris Eceel, a car repairer, was run over by a railroad car while working at No. 1 Mine, and received injuries from which he died about fifteen minutes later. His death was directly due to two loaded cars, which the car dropper was unable to control on account of defective brakes, striking the car on which Eceel was working. Owing to a high wind, which prevailed at the time, he was unable to hear the shouted warnings and was run over. This is the third fatal accident in and around our mines during 1926.

Another bad accident occurred during the month when Wm. Telck, machine boss, also at No. 1 Mine, Reliance, in attempting to get off a moving slope trip was caught and dragged by the trip and so injured that amputation of one foot was necessary.

Following the theory that the best way to prevent accidents is to know how they happen, each month in these columns are published a resume of the most serious, and typical, of the injuries that have been received by employees during the month, and in a brief way, the contributing causes.

We especially commend this column to the underground workers, and ask you to read them carefully, thinking how easily these accidents, or a recurrence of these accidents, could be averted. As a rule the accidents are typical, and with minor variations the same list appears each month.

With the exception of the two serious accidents noted above, March shows a much better record than in the preceding months, and one of the best months since injuries have been computed on a man shift basis. While February showed one injured for each 1500 man shifts, and during the later months of 1925 the figures dropped as low as 1200, in March there were nearly 200 man shifts for each injury. This is much better and more nearly what it should be.

Bear in mind that "it hurts to get hurt."

Let's make Safety last by observing Safety First.

How They Happened in March

Car Repairer—FATAL—Was assisting pinching a loaded railway car back upon the track scales. Two loaded cars, brakes on one or both being defective, were being dropped down to the loaded storage yard. Car dropper was unable to control movement of the two loaded cars, striking the one on which the deceased was working and he was run over, death resulting fifteen minutes later.

Machine boss—Was riding on loaded trip on slope. In attempting to get off moving trip at entry parting either his lamp cord or tool bag caught upon car and he was dragged under the trip, resulting in his leg being so crushed as to require amputation above the ankle and a fracture of the pelvis.

Car Repairer—Was pushing car into shop and strained ligaments of back.

Miner—Was taking down loose top coal. A piece fell and struck him on head and leg.

Loader—Was loading car at face of room. A small piece of cap rock fell, injuring his foot.

Loader—Was walking around car at face of room. He slipped off tie and fell, striking rail and injuring leg below knee.

Loader—Was removing loose coal at face. A piece rolled off face striking leg and spraining knee.

Loader—Was loading a car at face. While lifting a chunk of coal it broke, a piece falling on foot, fracturing great toe.

Loader—Was re-railing car using jack. The jack handle slipped causing laceration of middle finger.

Loader—While loading car at face, a piece of top rock fell injuring back.

Machine runner—Was putting feed chain on swing arm of machine while bits were in motion. His hand slipped, bits striking hand lacerating finger.

(Please turn to page 148)



(Continued from page 147)

- Loader**—Coal fell from face, injuring foot.
Miner—Was mining coal in entry. A piece of rock fell, lacerating hand and neck.
Machine runner—Was cutting at face of room. The machine swung backward catching finger between prop and machine.
Loader—Was re-railing car with prop. The prop slipped causing him to fall, striking elbow on rail.
Timberman—Was trimming a cap piece and struck left thumb with axe.
Loader—Was pushing a car. He slipped and fell, injuring knee.
Miner—Was breaking a large piece of coal in his room. The piece broke, one part of which struck and bruised knee.
Driver—Was pulling trip from parting, walking along side and in front of car. When car reached switch it derailed, catching his foot beneath bumper.
Pipeman—Was lifting a piece of coal off pipe line in order to repair the line. Coal broke in two, piece falling on foot, bruising it.
Miner—Was pulling loose coal from rib. A piece fell from rib, striking hand and causing a bad laceration of finger.
Timberman—His partner was splitting a piece of timber to make a wedge. He attempted to walk past him and in so doing slipped, the descending axe striking him on arm, causing a three inch laceration above elbow.

Rescue Car Will Visit U. P. Properties

WORD has recently been received from the U. S. Bureau of Mines that the Rescue Car will again visit The Union Pacific Coal Company properties the latter part of April and all during the month of May.

The car is under the direction of Mr. K. L. Marshall and Mr. V. I. Murray, who are always welcome guests in all our mining districts, and it is hoped that the greatest possible number of employees will avail themselves of the privilege of the instruction.

The necessity of first aid training and the advantage and unlimited amount of good that can result from a thorough knowledge of first aid are too obvious to dwell upon: The visits of the rescue car to all mining districts are primarily for the purpose of giving first aid and mine rescue training and instruction. This training is given by experts in their various lines and is given as free as the air to all desiring it. In many coal camps and industrial plants, after the visit of the car, the employees are 100 per cent first aid men, each and every one of whom possess a Government certificate attesting their proficiency.

The itinerary of the car is as follows:

Hanna—April 18 to 24.

Superior—April 25 to May 1.

Reliance—May 2 to May 8.

Winton—May 9 to May 15.

Rock Springs—May 16 to May 29.

While the itinerary does not permit of a visit of the car to Cumberland, sometime during its stay in the district, one of the engineers from the car will be at Cumberland to give the desired training.

In connection with the Rescue Car work it is appropriate to mention at this time the First Aid and Mine Rescue Field Meet which will take place the latter part of July or the early part of August. At

this meeting every Union Pacific mining district will be represented by at least one team and the winners will be the team which will represent the Union Pacific at the national meet at San Francisco in September.

There is going to be plenty of fast competition at this meet and there are several teams who want that fine trip that Cumberland took last year when they went to Springfield. The trip to San Francisco is going to be even better, so if you want to go, now is the time to get busy, and there is no better way to prepare than by utilizing the car to the utmost while it is in your vicinity.

The dates of the car's visit are unusually good this year. The roads will be a little too rough for early touring and the trout will not be biting good, so there will be no competing attractions and a record breaking enrollment in first aid instruction is anticipated.

Another Old Rock Springs Landmark Demolished

By Old Timer

A CURIOUS crowd, mostly miners, might have been seen a few days ago watching the demolition of the entrance of the manway of old No. 1 Mine and the filling in of the manway under North Front Street. And on the faces of the onlookers was a trace of sadness, for one of the old familiar landmarks of the town was passing—an old landmark indeed, for it seemed to the old timers that this conspicuous structure had always existed. It had stood for nearly fifty years, which is no small part of the life of an individual.

The structure which was being dismantled and the yawning hole in the ground which was being filled typified something more than these things to the old timers, and some of them no doubt visualized the time when many of their race—Anglo-Saxon—those sturdy British miners with the true pioneering spirit which has been characteristic of them, came to this frontier town, Rock Springs, to work in the new mines which would have a history of forty years operation and would hold the premier place in the West for production and quality of the coal for many years.



Filling in No. 1 Manway, Rock Springs.

Let's make Safety last by observing Safety First.

These old country miners were a hardy lot who glorified in their craftsmanship and were proud of the tons of coal they could dig in a day. Used to hard work in their native land, they did not forget this habit in the land of their adoption. They were good craftsmen, having a real pride in their craft. In their days to admit that one could not shear the coal from either rib was to confess oneself a mighty poor coal digger, and the straight shorn ribs of the upper entries of old No. 1 Mine stood for years a monument to their skill.

D. G. Thomas, a prominent lawyer and poet of Rock Springs, was at one time Foreman of this mine, as was also John Park, of the Park Hotel, and D. G. Jones. Many of the business men of Rock Springs dug coal in this mine. Later they engaged in other lines of work, and are now substantial business men of the town. Among these may be named Mayor Bunning, who could dig coal with the best of them; J. B. Young, of the J. B. Young Mercantile Company; Frank Kershnik, of the Rock Springs Commercial Company; John Bertagnolli with many business interests; Gus Sturholm, with the Finnish Commercial Company, and many others who became prominent in other fields.

Coal mining may be said to have been divided into three eras. To the first belonged the miners of whom I write. They were good pickmen and were proud of it. They always mined the coal on the clear and were sparing in the use of powder. The second era may be called the explosives era. Miners shot much coal off the solid and used the drilling machines more than the pick. And the third era which is now dawning, when the coal will be cut, shot and loaded mechanically. No one will regret the passing of the first two if the third will do away, as it promises to, with much of the drudgery of the mine and will assure the mine worker a more continuous remuneration for his work.

Nikola Tesla

By Emanuel (Mike) Radakovich

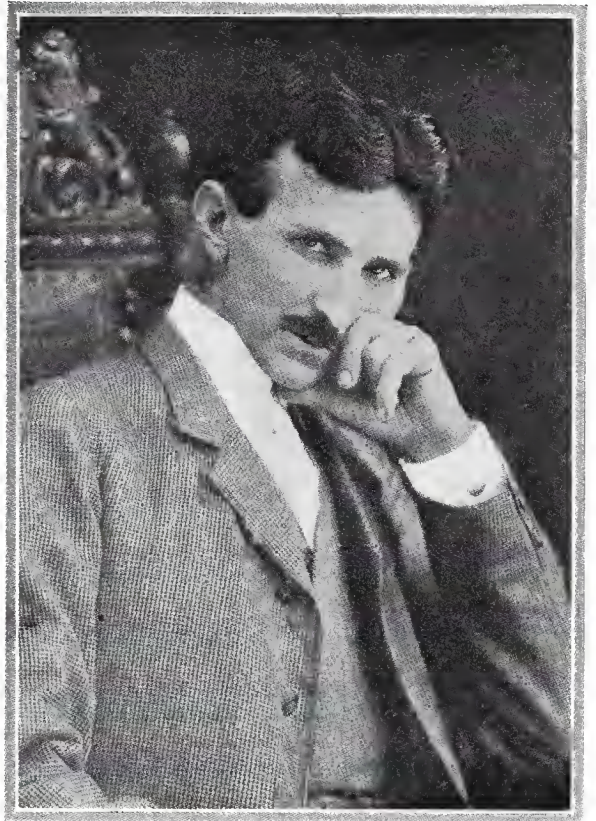
A CORRECTION

Mr. Emanuel (Mike) Radakovich has drawn our attention to an error in the article entitled "Nikola Tesla" in our March number in which Tesla, the noted electrical genius was referred to as the son of a Greek clergyman. Mr. Radakovich, who is himself of Serbian birth, was born in the village of Yosan, some twelve miles from the birthplace of Tesla, and knows the country, its history, governmental changes and religion very well. He is a good American and refers to the American of foreign birth as perhaps the best American because "he is like steel which has been tempered, he knows the fire of oppression and uses his freedom well because he has learned, by comparison, to appreciate it." He, like all Serbs, is proud of his famous countryman whose father and grandfather were both clergymen in the Serbian section of the Orthodox Church. This accounts for the mistake occurring in the biography from which the article quoted exactly since, in America, the proper distinctions are not always made when referring to the various branches of the Orthodox Church which is frequently called (broadly) The "Greek Orthodox Church."

We are indebted to Mr. Radakovich for the correction and for this additional information about Nikola Tesla.

EDITOR.

NIKOLA TESLA is a Serb. He himself says, writing in "Srpski Kolo," a Serbian publication, in the issue of February, 1926, a recommendation to the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes: "I am a Serbian, and at the same time a Croatian, for we are one." Born at Smiljan, near Gospie, in Croatian Lika on July 10th, 1856, his seventieth birthday will be celebrated next July 10th with great pomp in the Serbian-capital, Belgrade, and will be attended by noted electrical geni from all countries.



Nikola Tesla, the Inventor of the Induction Motor

His grandfather, originally an officer in the Ilirian army of Napoleon, became a minister of the gospel in the Serbian section of the Orthodox Church. His father, Milutin Tesla, was a Serbian Orthodox clergyman, occupying pulpits first at Smiljan and later at Gospie. His grandfather from his mother's side was likewise an Orthodox priest and, quite naturally, Nikola Tesla, the great inventor, was scheduled, in the minds of his parents, to become a priest also. But the young lad had visions of his own and was considered by his father a dreamer, even to such a degree that, at one time, he was subjected to a medical examination to ascertain if his mind was well balanced. The doctors proclaimed young Tesla to be of normal mind and, because he so insistently read and dreamed of the powers of Niagara Falls, planning how he would one day make a large wheel to be turned by the power of the Falls, his father sent him to the schools of Gratz, Styria and later to the University at Prague, Bohemia, where he graduated with honors. In 1886 he became a student of the great Edison, where he accomplished the great invention described by Mr. McKeehan in his article of March in the Employees' Magazine.

More Than 2,000,000 Tons—Not One Fatality

WHAT is believed to be a record for the Pittsburgh District in respect to prevention of mine fatalities was scored last year by the National Mining Company. According to word from this company, which is a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation and which operates four large coal mines in the Pittsburgh district, 2,250,000 tons of coal were produced in 1925 without a single fatality.

JOHN MUIR

The Father of the Yosemite—The Psalmist of the Sierra

Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy—for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty—and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments—nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us—or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all we behold
 Is full of blessing.

—William Wordsworth.

I am not sure why I should invariably think of Barrie when I read about John Muir, "The Father of the Yosemite"—or rather when I read some of the things John Muir has written. Certainly these men have lived very, very different lives, have made very different contributions to the world's culture. Nor is it altogether a racial likeness. But somehow the man who could write "Stiekeen," the story of a favorite dog in Alaska, who could write about Nature in her loftiest moods, knowing her loftiest wonders and then speak lovingly of a tiny fern as "one of the bonnies of our Father's bairns;" the man who had eyes for the ice-cliffs towering about the dark forest as he travelled along and at the same time could take time to make handkerchief slippers for the sore and bleeding feet of one of the poor "beasties" of his dog train, bears, for me, a resemblance to the strong, sure, yet whimsical author who could give us Peter Pan and then, although a Knight by the gift of the British Crown, could ask, so effectively, consideration for the little orphan of the enemy in his "A Kiss for Cinderella."

John Muir, born among the wilds of Scotland at Dunbar by the stormy North Sea, was the eldest son of hard-working Scottish parents. I picture him first a small lad, scrambling about on the storm-swept, craggy ruins of Dunbar Castle. He might be thinking about the many years the fortress had stood and the brave men and fair ladies who had lived there. But I think he was too busy glorying in his own daring that had carried him to the highest of the crumbling old peaks one may see in the Old Land, and watching the waves dash in spray as he exultingly felt himself a part of the scene. Sea, sky, rocks and wild boy heart might almost mingle together as one. The boy who could later, as man, write:

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings.
 Nature's peace will flow into you
 As sunshine into trees;
 The winds will blow their freshness into you,
 And the storms their energy;
 While cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Little John Muir loved everything that was wild. The warnings of his strict father could not keep him within the borders of the garden at home. He loved the world beyond and to it he had to go.

My next picture of him shows him at school where he started when but three years old. We are told that he entered grammar school (secondary) when he was eight years old, and studied Latin and French besides English, history, geography and arithmetic. John Muir himself says of these lessons:

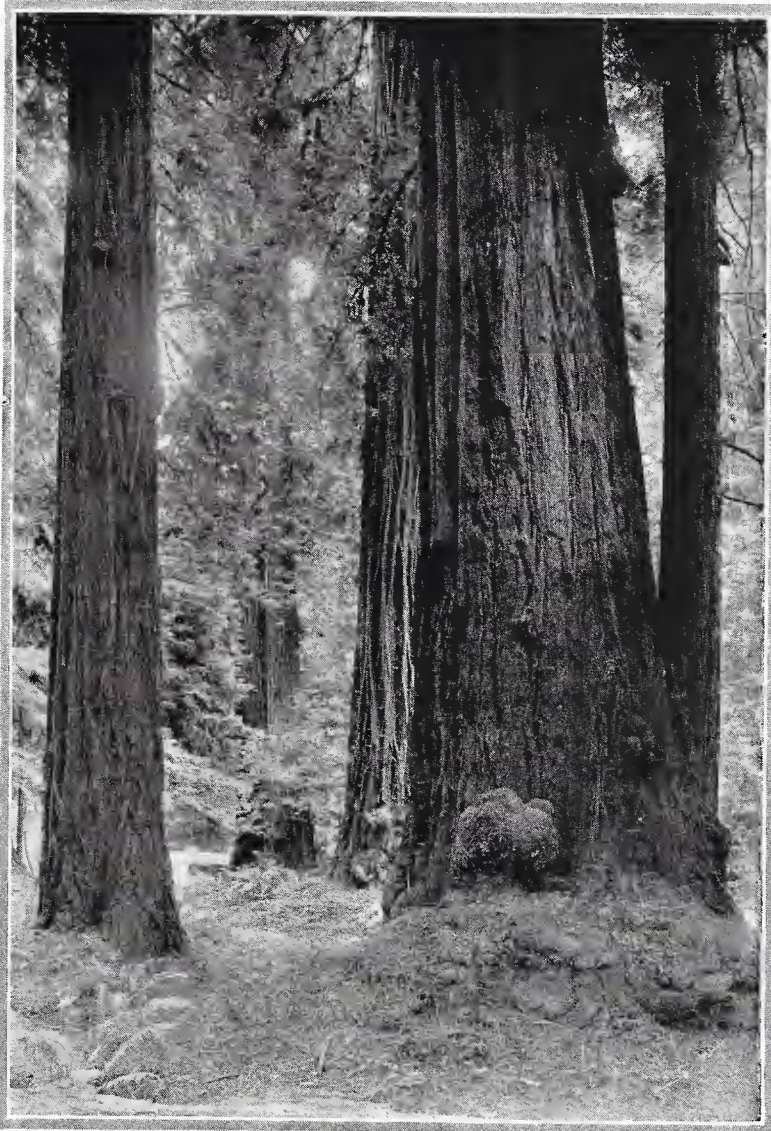
"We were simply driven point blank against our books like a soldier against the enemy, and sternly ordered: 'Up and at 'em! Commit your lessons to memory!' If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped."

Then, one evening when John was loyally trying to study, or rather to memorize his lessons, his father came into the room with the wonderful news that they were all going to America! We can picture them on the sailing-vessel that took them across the Atlantic. It took six weeks to complete the journey.

They settled near Kingston, Wisconsin, in new country, with other hardy pioneers. We are told that the Muir cabin was built in one day, of bur-oak logs. The neighbors had a "bee" to do it. The hut was in the midst of the woods and that suited John Muir. Flowers and ferns and trees and squirrels were different here—but they were just as interesting. "Here," says John Muir, "we were without knowing it, still at school—every wild lesson a love-lesson, not whipped but charmed into us." He absorbed the lore of woods and fields until the ways of his bird and insect and wild plant friends were as an open book to him.

But it was not long before his alert mind began to hunger for a real knowledge of the books which in his childish days he had studied without understanding. He read not only the small collection that his father also every that he could neighbor. He that the poet Bible, in Shakespeare, Milton could of the same a Sunday eve top made him set and rising hushed voices were all mingling thrilling beauty was one find. We learn finding him line every night, insisted on his stipulating rise as early as the morning. self to wake at felt, he says, "found a day."

Soon after of age he went Fair to exhibitions he had One of these keeper which days of the the week as hours. Others setting sawmill matic contriving horses at a A University suaded the tor that he to work his college. He on University. In Boyhood and



Muir Wood, near San Francisco, California, which is named for John Muir. Youth," he ed enough during the summer vacations to pay thirty-two dollars a year for instruction, my books, acids, retorts, glass tubes, etc." He studied physics, chemistry, botany, and geology. After four years at the University he started out "on a glorious botanical and geological excursion which has lasted," he said, in concluding the story of his early life, "for fifty years and is not yet completed." He had gone to Indianapolis and in a carriage and wagon factory was offered the position of foreman with a prospective partnership. But one of his eyes was injured in an accident, and after several weeks of confinement in a dark room, he determined "to get away into the ^{ery} of the wilderness to enjoy and lay in a large stock of God's wild beauty before the comin'

tion of books possessed, but stray volume borrow from a discovered etry in the espeare, and in give something keen joy that ning on a hill-feel, when sm-moon and the oft twilight led in one light. All—as we always that his father, gering to read protested and going to bed, that he might he wished in He taught him-one o'clock and as if he had

Muir became to the State some inven-worked out. was a time-indicated the month and of well as the were a self-and an auto-ance for feed-required hour. student per-young inven-might be able way through tered the State his book "My ed enough dur-

time of darkness"—because his sight was feared for. He went on a botanizing tour to Cedar Keys on the Gulf of Mexico and later travelled to Cuba.

In 1868 he went to California. There, in the Yosemite Valley he lived for many years, occasionally taking trips to still wilder places. He climbed the most inaccessible mountains and discovered some sixty-five glaciers. One of his remarkable feats was crawling along a three-inch ledge to the brink of the sixteen hundred foot plunge of the Upper Yosemite creek to listen, as he said, "to the sublime psalm of the falls."

In 1880 Mr. Muir married Miss Louise Strentzel, daughter of a Polish physician who had come to California. He had a happy home, but much as he loved it and his friends he could never give up mountaineering. He said: "Few have loved beauty as I have, enough to forego so much to attain it." He climbed with the ease of long experience and once, on reading a magazine article by an enthusiastic young mountain-climber, who dilated upon his thrilling adventures in scaling Mount Tyndall, Muir commented dryly: "He must have given himself a lot of trouble. When I climbed Tyndall, I ran up and back before breakfast." He had the workers contempt for the man who talks more than he does.

Some of his sayings are so full of poetry they sing. "There are no accidents in nature," he said. "The flowers blossom in obedience to the same law that keeps the stars in their places. Each bird-song is an echo of the universal harmony. Nature is one."

Because he believed that nature reveals many of her innermost secrets in times of storm, he often braved the wildest tempests on the heights. Once in a terrible gale he climbed to the top of a swaying pine in order to feel the power of the wind, as a tree feels it. After these experiences he would say, "We have met with God." His love for the trees was second only to his love for the mountains. He was always indignant at careless destruction of trees. "Through thousands and thousands of years God has cared for these trees," he said, "He has saved them from draught, disease, avalanches and a thousand straining and leveling tempests and floods, but He cannot save them from foolish men."

We have memorials to John Muir—to his name. The real man needs no memorial. For when we visit the glorious Yosemite, which his untiring efforts won for us, or any mountain or woods which his boundless enthusiasm has taught us to appreciate, we must feel that the spirit of John Muir is with us.

A mighty Alaskan glacier bears his name. A noble forest of California redwoods—Muir Woods—is named for him. But I, for one, am glad that a little mountain daisy is also called for John Muir.

Mine Heroes

AWARD of the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association medals and diplomas has recently been made to Lee Petty and John McNeil, of the Jamison No. 8 mine, Farmington, W. Va., and to R. D. Taylor, of the Attala mine of the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Co., Attala, Ala. Congratulatory telegrams were sent by Scott Turner, Director of the Bureau of Mines, to the recipients, as well as to the mayors of the respective towns.

Through the judgment and courage displayed by Petty and McNeil, the lives of 20 men were saved when an explosion occurred on the night of January 14, 1926, resulting in the loss of the lives of 19 persons. At the first sign of danger, Petty and McNeil arranged a plan for rounding up the men working in their section of the mine and collecting them in the compressor room. Finding the room too small in which to protect the men by erection of barricades against the deadly mine gases, the men were conducted to an entry, where quickly constructed barricades preserved their lives till the crisis was past.

Taylor displayed rare heroism on December 19, 1925, in the attempt to save the life of a fellow workman, who had become entangled in a mass of live electric wires, just when Taylor had already lighted the fuses his cot a round of 10 holes. With entire disregard for his safety, Taylor rushed back to the slope hoping to complete the sputtering fuses, but was too late to back before the discharge of the shots.

Although unable to save the life of his fellow employe, he jeopardized his own life in the effort.

The medals and diplomas of the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association are each year bestowed on those miners whose acts of courage and self-sacrifice in the succor of their comrades at perilous times are considered to be the most deserving of this high honor. This Association, with its 148 affiliated chapters, is an organization numbering in its membership thousands of miners banded together for the promotion of safety in mining, and constitutes a living memorial to the memory of the first Director of the Bureau of Mines, generally regarded as the father of the mine-safety movement.

A Bear Story

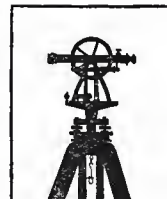
AS I was going up stin-dum-stair-um I met a high-gig-gle-y-bon-bear-um carrying off my fin-dum-fair-um; and I said, "I wish I had my gish-me-gair-um; I'd show that high-gig-gle-y-bon-bear-um how to carry off my fin-dum-fair-um!"

In plain English this nursery tale is as follows:

As I was going up stairs I met a bear carrying off my hog; and I said, "I wish I had my gun; I'd show that bear how to carry off my hog!"



Engineers' Department



The Passing of The 500 Volts

D. C. McKeehan

IT IS nearly thirty-four years since the Union Pacific Coal Company introduced electric haulage into its mines, and it at that time was a pioneer company in the field of introducing electricity underground. The installation consisted of electrifying about one mile of main haulage in No. 7 Mine, Rock Springs. The equipment comprised a steam engine, a Thompson-Houston 500-volt direct-current generator and switchboard, which constituted the Company's first electric power plant, one nine-ton Thompson-Houston (T.-H.) mine locomotive, necessary trolley wire, rail bonds and accessories. In those days the use of 500 volts was standard with street railway companies throughout the country, to which may probably be attributed the use of that voltage for a mine locomotive.

It is reported that but two of these locomotives were built, as the sturdy construction made them so expensive that the business could not be exploited on a commercial scale, also that mine operators had an antipathy to the use of electricity in the mines. In later years undercutting machines were introduced and finally motors for hoists and general purposes, such as for driving fans and tippie machinery. In 1896 two eight-ton, 500-volt Jeffrey mine locomotives were placed in service, which, by the way, are still in use, although they have been converted to operate on 250 volts.

To operate this array of electric machines required a larger power plant, and in the early years of Nineteen Hundred a plant of 4-200 K. W. engine driven generators was required. About 1918 the use of the 500 volt direct-current machinery began to be superseded by equipment employing 250 volts, or was replaced by equipment that utilized an alternating current. The engine driven generators were showing their ages, and occasionally manifested it by releasing a cylinder head to demolish a marble switchboard, or to leave its imprint on the building wall. A change was taking place. Five hundred volts was considered too dangerous, and as a matter of safety and standardization it was decided to convert what equipment still remained in service to 250 volts. The changing was contemplated for a long time, so long that it reminded one of Mark Twain's remarks about the weather; "A great deal has been said but nothing done." However, on April first the 500 volts was retired and 250 volts adopted as its successor.

The old haulage road is now used to transport the workmen to No. 2 Mine and is four miles long. It was desired to carry the trip at 250 volts without additional cost for feeder copper, and at first thought it appeared that the load would be too great to be carried to the mid-point two miles from the source of power at either end of the run. Tests were made and it was found that as the trip moved into the mine the voltage dropped only in accordance with the loss due to the trolley wire, showing that the track circuit was about perfect and that the track bonding was all that could be expected of it. Power is supplied to the haulage locomotives for the first two miles by a motor generator set located at the mine entrance and at the half-way point receives power from a motor generator set located at the end of the line. The original generators have been reconnected for the lower volt-

age and apparently are carrying the additional current without great distress, due to the fact that they are of the old design.

There is always a marked respect for anything that has done well and grown old, and this applies to the nine-ton T. H. locomotive. At times, of course, it was obstinate and manifested its indisposition by emitting flames and pyrotechnics that soon brought help. Many reminiscences of the "T. H." are told by the "Old Timers." Men were proud of an opportunity to run it and electricians were glorified when they overcame its obstinacies. It, too, may be changed, someday, to 250 volts and be serviceable for another generation.

Discovery of the Superior Coal Field

By C. E. Swann

FOR a great many years the canyon along which the mines at Superior are located was known only as Horse Thief Canyon, due no doubt to this canyon being used in the early days as a rendezvous for horse thieves because its rugged topography made an ideal place in which to hold horses until their owners lost the trail and gave up the chase.

In the early eighties an attempt was made to trace the outcrops of the coal seams which were being mined at Rock Springs, in a northerly direction, and these outcrops were followed in a more or less haphazard manner for the reason that so much coal was in sight near the Rock Springs Mines it appeared useless to go to the trouble to accurately determine the exact location of coal seams at any great distance from the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

A few miles north of the present Winton Mines the coal measures take a sharp turn to the east and the prospectors not being careful in tracing out individual seams crossed over to the upper or No. 6 series without discovering their error, and for a number of years it was supposed that the coal seams being worked at Rock Springs turned to the east passing just south of the prominent land mark known as "The Boars Tusk" thence easterly to the vicinity of Leucite Butte and southerly from this point crossing the old main line of the Union Pacific Railroad near old Black Buttes station which is located about fifty miles east of Rock Springs.

A few years later Mr. Morgan Griffiths, remembered by many as Superintendent of the Rock Springs Mines, was placed in charge of the prospecting work for both The Union Pacific Coal Company and the Union Pacific Railroad Company, with the idea in view of obtaining a comprehensive knowledge of the coal resources of these companies in Uinta and Sweet-water Counties.

Mr. Griffiths placed two prospecting parties in the field and he, with the late August Paulson, took personal charge of tracing the individual outcrops to be prospected. The large sandstone ledge underlying Rock Springs No. 1 coal and Rock Springs No. 7 coal seemed to form the most reliable escarpment of any of the coal seams in this district, and Mr. Griffiths decided to trace these seams around to the north of Baxter Basin, and after several months of prospecting discovered that the coal seams worked at Rock Springs had been improperly traced too far to the north.

Mr. Griffiths found these seams actually circled the north rim of Baxter Basin, No. 1 Seam passing through the ridge west of the present "D" Mine, Superior, thence outcropping on the east side of Horse Thief Canyon and crossing the Union Pacific Main Line in the vicinity of Thayer.

No. 7 Seam being approximately 250 feet lower geologically than No. 1 Seam circled the edge of the divide separating Horse Thief Canyon from Baxter Basin and crossing this ridge about one and one half miles south of what is now known as "D" Canyon into the south branch of Horse Thief Canyon, or what is now known as No. 7 or "B" Canyon, to the mouth of "B" Drift Mine, at which point it was faulted down and appeared again on the east side of the main canyon just east of the present site of South Superior, from which point it followed the east escarpment of Horse Thief Canyon to Thayer station, on the railroad.

About 1900 it was decided that some of the older mines at Rock Springs were getting under very heavy cover and would soon need to be replaced by newer and cheaper operations, and the coal in Horse Thief Canyon being located within a short distance of the Union Pacific Main Line received serious attention, the prospecting being done by Mr. Paulson and his party under the direction of Mr. Griffiths, and the location of outcrops and prospect holes being made by the writer.

In 1926 it seems incredulous that in 1900 it was a hard all day drive from Rock Springs to the present site of South Superior, but such is the difference between driving an old pair of crippled mine mules and the automobile of the present day.

On arriving at camp, which consisted of one large tent used as kitchen and dining room, one tent for storage purposes, and a bunk tent, you must be prepared to rough it in true western style, as the cooking was delegated to one of the members of the prospecting party or to a rough and tumble camp cook hired for the purpose, and you did your own housekeeping. Water was obtained from a small spring near camp. There were several springs in the canyon at this time, but practically all springs have since dried up due to mining operations having changed the course of the underground water flow.

You soon became accustomed to prospectors' methods of doing things, and after a strenuous day spent in opening up a prospect hole or in running survey lines locating the outcrops and prospects, you were so hungry that you were in no mood to criticize the menu served at the cook tent but could do justice to whatever was placed before you.

After spending several months in this secluded spot we prospectors would come to Rock Springs to see the bright lights, and in so doing would distribute practically all our savings, amounting to a tidy sum, as one had very little need for money as long as they remained in camp. Nickel in the slot music boxes were installed in many public places at the time, and business took a sudden spurt as soon as we arrived in town because any kind of music seemed good after the long spell of quiet at the camp.

After the prospecting had proven that seams Nos. 3, 1, 7 and 13, now known as the Van Dyke Series, were good mineable propositions, it was decided to run a preliminary railroad location up the canyon, and as same proved to be a feasible railroad undertaking it was decided to build the line and open mines on seams Nos. 3, 1 and 7, and tentative locations for mines were made during the time the survey for a railroad was in progress, and it developed later that other locations for mines on No. 1 Seam were more readily accessible to the railroad and the present location for "C" and "D" were decided upon.

During the period 1902 to 1905, a large amount of prospect work had been done to prove the continuity and mineable value of the coal seams in Horse Thief Canyon, and the formal commencement of actual de-

velopment work was inaugurated at "A" and "B" Mines in March, 1906, and Superior became a reality and a townsite must be chosen.

The topography of Horse Thief Canyon is so irregular that a suitable location for a main townsite, which would not be appreciably disturbed by future mining of the coal seams could not be obtained, and as mines were to be opened along the canyon for several miles it was natural that several small camp sites came into existence instead of one centralized location.

When it was definitely decided to develop mines in the canyon several names were suggested for the main town, chief of which were Leucite, after Leucite Butte, and Reliance, and the camp in the early days was known as Reliance but was later changed to its present name of Superior.

Mine Arithmetic

(This is the Thirteenth and last Article on Mine Arithmetic)

MENSURATION (Continued)

IN the previous article triangles and quadrilaterals were discussed and in this article the properties of circles will be taken up.

Around a mine we are frequently confronted with problems which involve finding the circumference, diameter or area of a circle, and for their solution the following definitions and principles will assist.

A circle is a plane figure bounded by a curve line, every part of which is equally distant from a point within, called the center.

The circumference of a circle is the curve line by which it is bounded.

The diameter is a straight line drawn through the center, terminating at each end in the circumference.

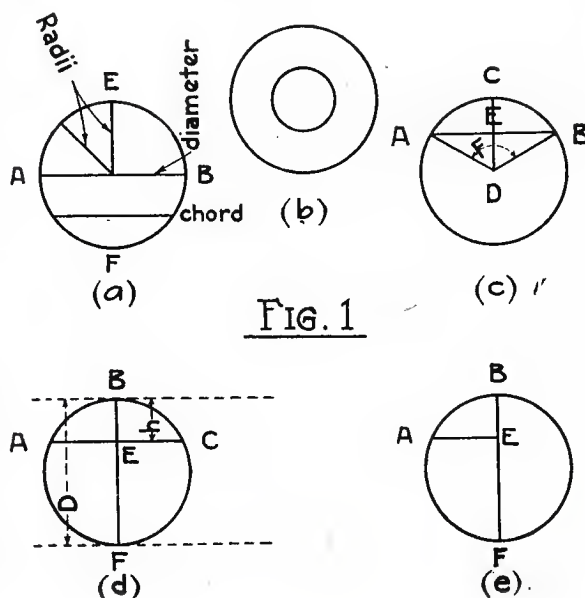
The radius is a straight line drawn from the center to the circumference and is equal to half the diameter.

Note:—From the definition of a circle, it follows, that all the radii are equal; also that all the diameters are equal.

From the relation of the circumference and diameter to each other, we derive from Geometry the following principles:

1st—The circumference equals the diameter times 3.1416 nearly.

2nd—The diameter of a circle equals the circumference divided by 3.1416 nearly.



To find the circumference of a circle, when the diameter is given.

Example: What is the circumference of a circle whose diameter is 15 feet?

Solution: $15 \text{ ft.} \times 3.1416 = 47.125 \text{ feet.}$ Hence the Rule:—Multiply the given diameter by 3.1416 to find the circumference.

To find the diameter of a circle, when the circumference is given.

Example: What is the diameter of a circle whose circumference is $65\frac{1}{2}$ feet?

Solution: $65.5 \div 3.1416 = 20.849 + \text{feet.}$ Hence the Rule: Divide the circumference by 3.1416 to find the diameter.

Note:—The diameter of a circle may also be found by dividing the area by .7854 and extracting the square root of the quotient.

To find the area of a circle, when the diameter and circumference are given.

Example: What is the area of a circle whose diameter is 10 feet and circumference 31.416 feet?

Solution: $\frac{31.416 \times 10}{2} = 78.54 \text{ sq. ft. or } 31.416 \times \frac{10}{2}$

$(10 \div 4) = 78.54 \text{ sq. ft.}$ Hence the Rule: Multiply half the circumference by half the diameter or multiply the circumference by a fourth of the diameter.

Notes:—(1) If only one of these dimensions are given, the other must be found before the rule can be applied. (2) The area of a circle may also be found by multiplying the square of the diameter by the decimal .7854.

Example:—Find the area of a circle whose diameter is 20 feet?

Solution: $20^2 \times .7854 = 314.16 \text{ square feet.}$

In practice it is found very convenient to use tables giving the diameters, circumferences and areas of circles, as they make it unnecessary to perform the calculation just described, and thus save much time.

The area of a flat circular ring like Figure 1 (b) may be found by the following rule.

Rule: The area of a flat circular ring is equal to the area of the outer circle minus the area of the inner circle.

Example: The diameters of the outer and inner circles of a flat ring are 8 inches and 3 inches, respectively. What is the area of the ring?

Solution: The area of the outer circle is $.7854 \times 8^2 = 50.2656 \text{ sq. in.}$ and of the inner circle is $.7854 \times 3^2 = 7.0696 \text{ sq. in.}$ Then the area of the ring is 43.1970 sq. in.

The area of the sector ADBC, Figure 1 (c) may be found by the following rule: Divide the number of degrees in the arc of the sector by 360, and multiply the result by the area of the circle of which the sector is a part. The product is the area of the sector.

Example: The angle formed by drawing radii from the center of a circle to the extremities of the arc of the circle is 75 degrees and the diameter of the circle is 12 inches. What is the area of the sector?

Solution: The area of a circle 12 inches in diameter is $.7854 \times 12^2 = 113.1 \text{ sq. in.}$ nearly. By the rule, the area of the sector is $75 \times 113.1 \div 360 = 23.56 \text{ sq. in.}$

When the length of the arc and the radius of a sector are known, the rule may be used to find the area: Rule: The area of a sector is equal to one-half the product of the radius and the length of the arc.

Example: If the radius of an arc is 10 inches and the length of the arc is 8 inches, what is the area of the sector?

Solution: By the rule the area is $\frac{1}{2} \times (10 \times 8) = 40 \text{ sq. in.}$

The area of the segment ABC, Figure 1 (e) is equal to the area of the sector ADBC less the area of the triangle ABD. Hence the following rule is used to find the area of a segment of a circle. Rule: Draw the

radii DA and DB from the center of the circle to the ends of the arc A and B of the segment; find the area of the sector ADBC as explained above and subtract from this area the area of the triangle ABD formed by the radii and the chord of the arc of the segment and the result is the area of the segment.

In problems where the area of a segment is to be found the angle and the diameter or radius of the circle are usually known. A drawing is then made to scale as in Figure 1 (c), the known angle "F" being laid off with a protractor and the radii DA and DB drawn to scale, and chord AB is drawn and the perpendicular distance DE measured from the vertex of the angle "F" to the chord. The distance DE is the altitude of the triangle ABD and the area of the triangle equals one-half the product of the base, or the chord AB, and the altitude DE.

If the conditions are such that the position of a chord as AC, Figure 1 (d) is known, but not its length, the following approximate rule may be used for finding the area of a segment. See Figure 1 (d).

Rule: Divide the diameter BE by the height of the segment BE; subtract .608 from the quotient and extract the square root of the remainder. This root is multiplied by 4 and by the square of the height of the segment and then divided by 3. The quotient gives the area, very nearly, and each operation must be performed in the order given in the rule.

In case the diameter is not given but the length of the chord is known, the length of the diameter can be found by a method based on the principle that if from any point on the circumference of a circle, as from A, Figure 1 (d) a line AE is drawn perpendicular to a diameter, as BE, it will divide the diameter into two parts, one of which will be in the same ratio to the perpendicular as the perpendicular is to the other part. That is, the perpendicular will be what is called a mean proportional between the two parts of the diameter.

Example: In Figure 1 (e) the perpendicular AE divides the diameter into the two parts BE and EF in such a manner that the relation between AE and these parts may be stated by the proposition:

$$BE : AE :: AE : EF$$

The perpendicular AE, which is one-half of a chord, is the mean proportional between the two parts of the diameter.

Helping

YOUR WORK—

Every other individual who draws money from our companies on pay-day has a very definite interest in it.

Why?

Because the quality of your work HELPS OR HURTS HIM.

Anyone who wastes material or lowers quality injures the organization and everyone in it.

Everyone who keeps waste down and the standard of quality up, helps to make the business prosper.

Every co-worker's work is IMPORTANT not only to himself but to every other individual, because everyone on the payroll is concerned with the success of our companies.

Pioneer Banking Days

By Augustine Kendall

We are so apt to think of the pioneer of the west as the frontiersman-explorer type of man only. But we know that the pioneer business or professional man had need of the same qualities of courage, resourcefulness and ability to see into the future. We are indebted to Mr. Augustine Kendall for this story about Rock Springs' first banking effort which has grown into the three splendidly equipped banks which it now boasts.

EDITOR.

YOU would hardly have selected Rock Springs, in the year 1887, as a town in which to start a bank. Its physical aspect was uninviting, its business houses few and all outward inducements lacking. Its latent possibilities were not on the surface, but were being uncovered.

I had been with a bank in Laramie for five years, which was directed by men of vision, who saw the possibilities where a good quality of coal was mined and an inexhaustible quantity for future years or generations—also where the Union Pacific Railroad was so largely identified.

The opening of a bank was frequently canvassed. Doubt was removed when the railroad announced that it would bring water to the town by a pipe line from Green River. The bank was then organized under a state charter with the name "Sweet-water County Bank," Capital \$25,000. A senior staff member to the writer, of the Laramie Bank, was first given the opportunity to be its chief officer, but his expression after returning from looking the town over was that "Chinamen were too numerous and white men too few," and he preferred remaining where he was. The writer was then offered the position and with the "all things possible" attitude of youth, I jumped at the chance and first came to Rock Springs Sunday, August 1st, 1887, to make arrangements.

Suitable quarters were not in evidence and conditions were crude, but remembering the saying "A good workman isn't handicapped for tools" a building was leased from the late W. H. Mellor, which had been occupied as a small butcher shop and was permeated with a stock yard odor which it was impossible to fully eradicate. This building afterwards was known as the "Navy Saloon," and is now the site of the Yellowstone Hotel. Fixtures were installed, with a very large iron safe containing a steel chest for cash, the other area being used for books.

Deposits didn't flow to the bank in those days when a bank was an innovation. Business came by degrees, after the functions of a bank became known, and we progressed from the zero mark to the two million one of today.

During my first year it was up to me to make a record. A showing of profits could only come by keeping down expenses, so I did all banking requirements, bookkeeping, etc., then "cleaned the windows, swept the floors and polished up the handle of the big front door." The showing at the end of the first year was sufficiently satisfactory to warrant the conversion of the bank into a National Bank under the name of "First National Bank of Rock Springs." Mr. Frank Pfeiffer, then bookkeeper for Tim Kinney and Company, General Store Merchants, came to the bank as Assistant Cashier. In 1892, the Rock Springs National was organized and he went with it as cashier, afterwards to Kemmerer as cashier of the "First National" there. He is now living in Los Angeles.

I recall looking forward to reaching the first \$100,000.00 in deposits, which seemed a long pull. With expanding coal output population increased and new business houses came. The town grew of necessity. An offhand description of the town in those early days would show no North Front Street, the only crossing being at "K" Street, afterwards closed when the present depot was built. On the north side, the railroad right-of-way where now are passing team tracks, was occupied by old frame buildings—one occupied by the drug store of L. L. Duas, in which the Post Office was located; another by "Uncle" George Harris' Saloon and Dance Hall, patterned after those of Leadville and "wild west" mining camps. The Coal Company, not looking for Rock Springs to reach the proportions of a city, didn't lay off subdivisions to care for new buildings, so buildings were promiscuously built on Bridge and Pilot Butte Avenue and "K" Street, and the streets after-



Augustine Kendall, Pioneer Banker of Rock Springs.

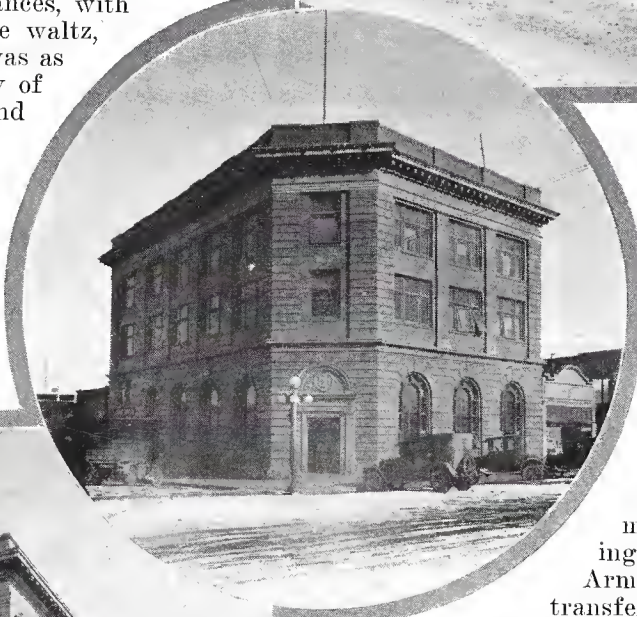
ward laid off to conform to them, hence the twists and turns in those streets.

Material comfort was lacking; necessities of today were then luxuries. Our domestic water supply was distributed by water wagons, each house or place of business having its water barrel, which was filled from the wagon. The "water train" ran daily with its tank cars, from Green River and Point of Rocks. Another water dispenser was Ed Clegg, whose wagon was filled by pump from Sulphur Springs at No. 6. His old house still remains, but the spring has gone dry. Electricity and telephone and theatre were in the offing. There were two dancing floors where the Elite (which included all who cared to dance) gathered, one above the Fountain Saloon, the other above the South Pass on the north side. The enjoyment of the dance—old fashioned square dances, with a "caller;" and the waltz, polka, schottische—was as great as in this day of Bunny Hug and Charleston.

These days followed the Chinese Riot and Massacre of 1885, and under an after agreement with the Chinese Government, a Company of U. S. sol-



Rock Springs National Bank.



North Side State Bank



First National Bank.

diers was stationed here at the old Barracks. Society was enlivened by the officers and their families who were a delightful addition and who mingled and entered into the small life of the town. Strong and enduring friendships were made with these passing representatives of the Army, who were frequently transferred from Army Post to Army Post. I often wonder how many are living today.

A final word as to our club or mess-house which was in charge of a colored man and his wife. The house is now occupied and owned by Gus Anderson on "B" Street, two doors south of the City Hall. Its membership was from the unmarried business men, coal department officials and officers from the Post. It was well regulated, having the usual officers and directors of such organizations and quite successful. Each member took his turn as active steward for one month, making purchase of food, checking and placing his O. K. on all bills. It wasn't the easiest place to fill, as tastes differ, and too fre-

(Please turn to page 160)



Old Timers' Page



Old Timers Attention!

*By A. W. Dickinson, General Chairman
Old Timers' Celebration*

ON January 26th of this year the boosters committee for the Old Timers' Association met in Rock Springs and, after receiving suggestions from many of the Old Timers, chose Saturday, June 12th, as the day for the celebration of 1926. At this meeting letters from President Eugene McAuliffe of The Union Pacific Coal Company were read, in which suggestions were offered for the entertainment of the Old Timers at the coming celebration.

Lists of Old Timers are now being prepared by the mine officials in each mining district and it is hoped that every Old Timer will join in the family reunion at Rock Springs.

Committees have been appointed for the following work:

BANQUET

E. R. Jefferis
D. C. Foote

E. Prieshoff

REGISTRATION

James R. Dewar
Mrs. A. M. Outsen

Miss Anna Baird

RECEPTION AND ROOMS

M. W. Medill
A. T. Henkell
Miss Jessie McDiarmid

J. A. Smith
H. A. Lawrence

DECORATIONS

D. C. McKeehan
B. Outsen
G. L. Stevenson

Richard Gibbs
F. B. McVicar

MUSIC AND BADGES

J. A. Smith
Geo. A. Brown

J. V. McClelland
C. E. Swann

TRANSPORTATION

J. Dankowski
J. L. Libby

F. V. Hicks

PROGRAM

Frank Tallmire
A. H. Doane

H. H. Hamblin

ENTERTAINMENT

Chas. P. Wassung
J. L. Libby

B. Outsen

PAGEANT

Miss Jessie McDiarmid
H. J. Harrington
Matt Mattonen, Reliance
F. Kaul, Winton
D. G. Thomas, Rock Springs
Geo. Blacker, Cumberland
Wm. McIntosh, Superior
T. H. Butler, Hanna
W. K. Lee, Rock Springs
Robert Muir, Rock Springs
F. L. McCarty, Rock Springs

Additional meetings have been held by the boosters, particularly those of March 13th and April 16th. The Elks' Temple has been secured for Saturday, June 12th, as has also the Rialto Theatre with its full staff, including the musicians. We hear from Cumberland that their famous band will arrive in full strength of sixty-five pieces, and in addition to the Cumberland band, there will be other bodies of musicians to aid in the merriment of all day.

Registration will begin at 8:30 in the morning at the Elks' Temple, and President James Moon of the Old Timers' Association issues a call for the business meeting at 9:30 A. M. at the Elks' Temple.

Entertainment is arranged in the interim before the dinner at 1 o'clock. The committees expect a very heavy attendance at the dinner, so be sure to go to the mine office in your respective district and express your intention of attending, in order that places may be provided for everyone. The dinner will be marked by community singing, solos, both instrumental and vocal, and selections by bands and orchestras, followed by an address by a representative Old Timer and guests from outside the field.

In the evening at the Rialto Theatre (be sure to secure your tickets at the time of registration in the morning) will come the crowning feature of Old Timers' Day. A pageant has been arranged and the plans are being carried to completion by Miss Jessie McDiarmid, the Editress of our Magazine. Miss McDiarmid is well experienced in pageantry and plans to set forth the history of coal mining in Wyoming, the history begins with the stirrings of the spirit of adventure in a youth living in a little mining town in Pennsylvania at about the time of the end of the War between the States. The Spirit of Adventure, typified by the youth, moves westward into the then unknown regions of the Rocky Mountains. Step by step the development of our southern Wyoming home land is shown in pageantry.

The outstanding figures of the times will be represented by members of The Union Pacific Coal Company family and the entire personnel presenting the pageant will be made up of the Old Timers and their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

This is the story to date. Mark it well and prepare to come to Rock Springs on Saturday, June 12th, 1926. Rest assured that you will have a good time, that you will see all of your old friends and renew again the acquaintances of many years.

Alexander Spence

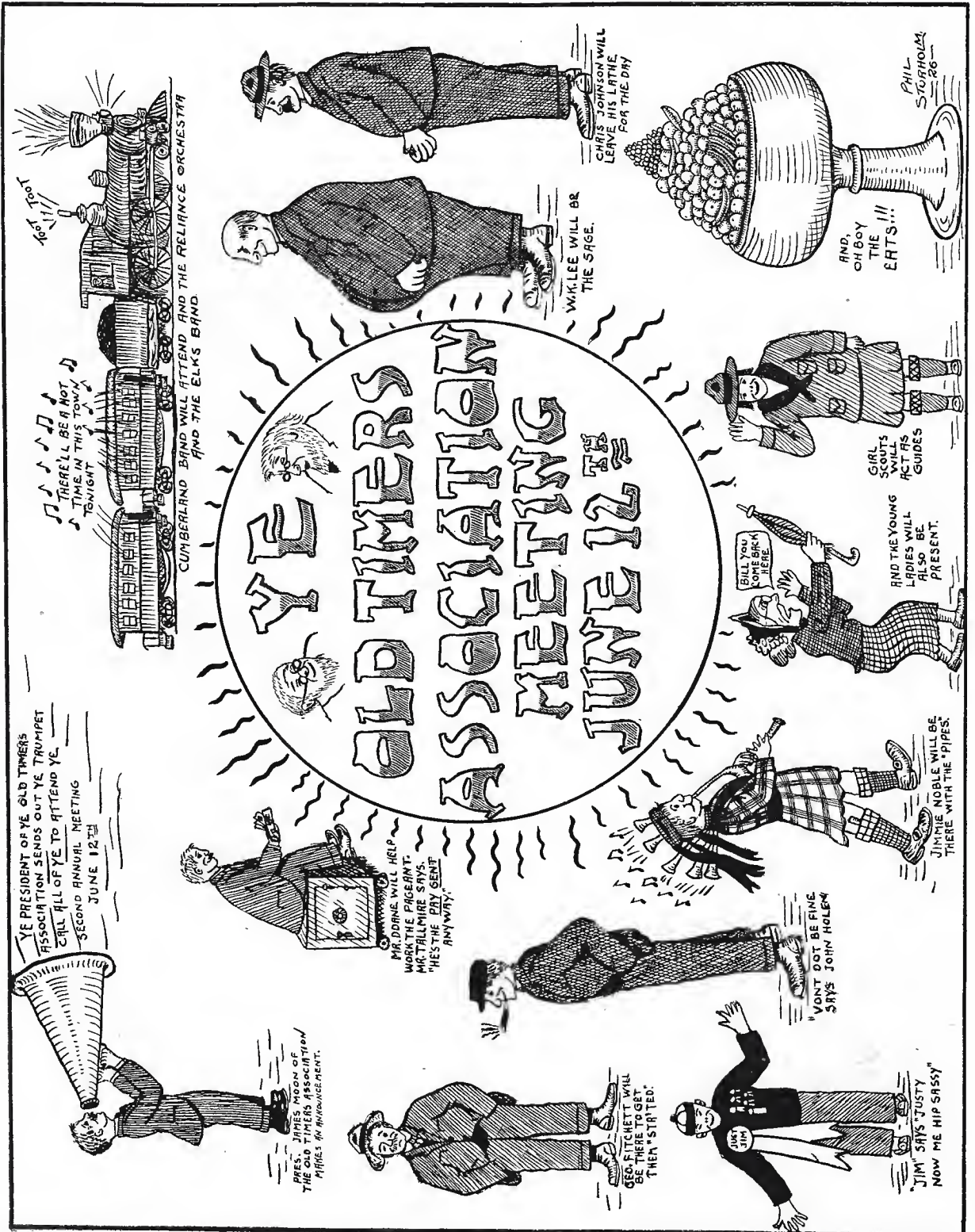
One of the Earliest Employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company, Dies in Wellsville, Utah

OLD Timers will hear with keen regret of the death of Alexander (Sandy) Speuce, which occurred at his home in Wellsville, Utah, on March 20th. Sandy was employed for many years as Employment Agent of The Union Pacific Coal Company in Rock Springs, and had a large circle of friends in this vicinity as well as in Utah.

In the early days of Rock Springs, four of the Spence brothers worked in the mines here, Sandy, Charlie, George and Andrew, three of them now being dead. A number of Sandy's relatives still work for The Union Pacific Coal Company. William Spence is Mine Foreman at No. 1 Mine, Reliance, and George and Jim work at Winton. County Assessor Charles Spence is a nephew.

The Logan City Journal, reporting his death, carries this resume of his active and useful life:

"Alex M. Spence was the son of Charles Wright Spence, born March 9, 1850, at Fifeshire, Scotland, left there July 10, 1871, and landed in Salt Lake City, August 4, 1871. He filled a mission at St. George, taking out rock for the building of the Temple there, leaving here in October, 1874, and returned in April, 1875; also filled a mission in (Please turn to page 160)



Old Time Tales and Reminiscences of the Early West

By Joseph Walton

DURING the summer of 1875, I made a trip to the Black Hills country. It was reported that the Indians were plentiful, so we had to hold up at Fort Laramie until we were 150 strong, and we were drilled like soldiers, while waiting for the required number. A captain was appointed and called wagon boss, and we had to obey his orders. This was the year preceding the Custer Massacre. We had to do picket duty every night. I went in and came out in six weeks, and never caught sight of an Indian. I had been trained to fight Indians, but was not sure that I could hit one, and I felt that should I miss, off would come my scalp, so you can realize my feelings. The party arrived at Deadwood without any serious mishaps, and found Bill Nuckel, a brother-in-law of Bill Ogden (for whom the city of Ogden was named) running a dance hall, a large rough structure, in the rear of which was a place he called the "Garden," in which was located a large kettle containing hot "mulligan" stew for those who were too poor to buy food at the hotel (of which he was proprietor). Nuckel had a man in his employ whose duty it was to supply him with wild meat, the best part of the animal would be used at the hotel, and the remainder would go to furnish the "mulligan" stew.

On the bar was a set of scales for weighing the gold dust, as all the mining at that time was sluicing, and, under the scales, there was a Brussels rug about two feet square; when the boys finished a dance and went to the bar to pay their bill some one would bump into them, while the gold dust was being poured into the scale, and, of course, some of the dust would miss the scale, and fall onto the rug where it could not be seen. The rug would be washed every morning, and the gold dust recovered from it went to keep the "mulligan" stew kettle boiling, so on goes the dance. I started to work shoveling the dirt into the sluice boxes, the water being about knee deep and very cold, but that did not bother me, as I was as tough as a Texas steer. We were paid one dollar per hour, and worked ten hours per day, which was good pay, but the trouble was, that when we would finish our day's work and return to our cabin, we would find that some one had broken in and taken all our grub. The loss of the grub was not serious, if we could have secured more but the difficulty was to find some of our fellow workmen who could spare us a little until we could procure more. I put up with this inconvenience for about six weeks, and, on going to the cabin one night, finding all the grub gone, I became very sore, and told my partner, Tom Nester, the boy that came west with me, that I was going to quit and return to Colorado. He decided to try it out a while longer, and make a stake. Tom was an Irish lad, a good boy, and was two years older than I, and although of different religious belief neither of us allowed that to interfere with our friendship, and we each worshipped God according to our belief.

Tom stayed and made a little stake of about \$15,000 and then returned east and lost it. He then went to the Klondike and made another stake, losing that also, and finally died in the Hospital for the insane at Cleveland, Ohio. When Tom and I were together we had but one pocket book and there never was any dispute about the division of the money, and the passing of Tom grieved me very much, as he was one of the squarest boys I ever knew.

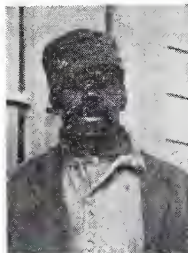
Easy for Her

"Does your wife economize?"

"Yes; she does without practically everything I need."

Charles H. Brooks Passes On

THE death of Charles H. Brooks (colored) at his home on Monday, April 5th, cast a gloom over the entire community. "Charlie" was born in Gordonsville, Virginia, on July 29th, 1862, and came north in August, 1898, entering the service of The Union Pacific Coal Company at Hanna, remaining in service until about one year ago, when on account of poor health he was compelled to retire. He affiliated with the Baptist Church at an early age and, with his good wife, accepted the responsibilities and leadership of church work and the organization and building of the First Baptist Church of Hanna.



The late Charles
H. Brooks.

"Charlie" was of a kind and cheerful disposition, always speaking well of everyone, and believing in the ultimate good of everything. He always practiced the Golden Rule, as he journeyed through life, doing unto others as he would they should do unto him. By his honest and upright dealing with all men he earned and held the respect and esteem of not only those of his own race but of all with whom he came in contact.

Funeral arrangements were under the auspices of Middle West Lodge, No. 24 A. F. and A. M. (colored) of Rock Springs, and services were held at the First Baptist Church, Hanna, on Sunday, April 11th, 1926, at two P. M., the Reverend J. E. Allen, Secretary Inter-mountain Convention of Colored Baptist Churches, officiating, assisted by the Reverend C. L. Wright, pastor of the M. E. Church, Hanna. Interment took place in the Hanna cemetery, services at the grave being performed by the U. M. W. of A., and Middle West Lodge No. 24, A. F. and A. M., of which order deceased was an honored member.

The love and esteem in which deceased was held was evidenced by the many beautiful floral offerings and the many friends, of all nationalities and creeds, that attended the ceremonies and followed the remains to their last resting place. Deceased leaves to mourn his loss a devoted wife; one daughter, Mrs. Leta Jones, residing at Norristown, Pennsylvania; two sisters, one residing at Norristown, Pennsylvania, and one at Gordonsville, Virginia. Out of town friends attending the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schwein, of Omaha, Nebraska, nephew and niece of Mrs. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Garrett; Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas, Mrs. Ernest, and Mrs. G. Swanson and children of Rawlins, Wyoming.

Alexander Spence

(Continued from page 158)

Virginia and North Carolina from November 13, 1878, to May 11th, 1880. He worked on the Logan Temple. He was called as a patriarch in the Hyrum stake July, 1917, and held that position until the time of his death; during that time giving 207 blessings. * * * * *

Pioneer Banking Days

(Continued from page 157)

quent corned beef and cabbage or hamburger with onions brought a howl from those with poor digestion. Dr. Stevenson, post doctor, was accredited as the best provider and called upon to do double duty. We lived well, the company a congenial one and wit, wisdom and wickedness enlivened our board.

The Largest Mine Fan in the World

Mr. A. Job, a South African engineer, recently outlined to the members of the South African Institution of Engineers the general dimensions and task of what is said to be the largest ventilating fan in the world, this equipment installed to ventilate a gold mine which has been driven through a combination of shafts and inclines to a depth of 3405 feet. Our readers will be interested in reading about this mammoth installation, an abstract of Mr. Job's paper set forth below:

THE sinking and equipment of the ventilation shaft of the Government gold mining areas was recently described to the South African Institution of Engineers by Mr. A. Job, who is in charge of the engineering department of the mine.

"The fan which has been installed is reputed to be the largest in the world, and is of particular interest to this country as it was constructed by a British firm.

"Mr. Job, in the course of his paper, said in order to improve the ventilation of this mine, it was decided to sink a circular shaft 22 ft. in diameter within its walls, and equip it with a fan on the surface capable of inducing a flow of 900,000 cu. ft. of air per minute through the mine workings. The site of the shaft was located at a point approximately midway between the four existing shafts of the mine and directly above a drive which at this particular place had passed through an unpayable area at a depth of 3,405 ft. from the surface, and as the drive intersected each of the two main inclines leading from the north to the south vertical shafts, the ventilation would by this means be split into four more or less equal sections, each having a seven-compartment vertical shaft for admitting air into its workings.

"Tenders were invited for a steam driven fan capable of inducing a flow of 900,000 cu. ft. of air per minute through the mine, with a total static water gauge of 7 in., and it was decided to accept the tender of Messrs. Walker Brothers, of Wigan, for a Walker Indestructible fan, which was to be driven by means of a direct-coupled tandem horizontal steam engine. The guaranteed mechanical efficiency of the fan was to be not less than 75.5 per cent under full load conditions, and the guaranteed steam consumption of the engine, when running at full power with 140 lb. gauge steam pressure and 100 deg. superheat, was not to exceed 12½ lb. per horse-power hour.

"The detailed arrangement for sinking the shaft, ventilation calculations, and the selection of the fan and engine, together with general supervision of the work throughout were undertaken by the engineering staff of the head office.

"After the shaft had holed, the two air passages leading off it were completed down to a certain distance by the sinkers. The shaft was then stripped of its air, water, and ventilation pipes, up to the surface. Before the sinking stage was removed, the deflector at the top of the shaft was fixed and the air duct from the shaft to the fan was completed.

"The fan impeller is 30 ft. in diameter and 10 ft. wide. It has eight blades of very robust construction. The fan shaft is 21 in. in diameter in the middle where the impeller boss is mounted, and from there it is tapered away to the journals, which are 13½ in. in diameter and 27 in. in length, the distance between the centres of the bearings being 12 ft. 7 in.

"The whole of the housing was constructed of brick and concrete, except for the evase roof, which is of steel and is supported between the brick walls. The discharge passage around the periphery of the impeller was formed to an involute curve by unwinding a tape from the circumference of a 6 ft. 9 in. diameter disc. Its minimum radius was 15 ft. 4 in. and its maximum radius 36 ft. 6 in., its width being 10 ft. 4 in.

"The top of the discharge chimney stands 47 ft. above ground level, its internal dimensions at the top being 24 ft. 9 in. by 16 ft. 5 in. The centre of the

fan shaft is situated 14 ft. above ground level and the lowest portion of the discharge passage is 17 ft. below ground level. Each of the two inlet orifices is 16 ft. in diameter. Close on 400,000 bricks were used in building the fan housing and the air duct leading from the shaft to the fan.

"The engine has cylinders 26 in. and 52 in. in diameter and 36 in. stroke, its maximum speed being 125 revolutions per minute; at this speed it is capable of developing 1,500 h. p. Its valves are of the drop valve type, and each valve has four beats. The valves are operated by means of the Doerfel valve gear. The cut-off in the h. p. cylinder is controlled by the speed governor, and that of the e. p. cylinder by hand. The engine has forced lubrication throughout and warning is given if the oil pressure falls below 5 lb. per sq. in. The fan shaft and intermediate bearings are lubricated by means of oil rings, and indicating thermometers are fitted to them which give an alarm electrically if the temperature rises above normal. The engine is very massive in construction and beautifully finished. A Le Blanc jet condenser is used in conjunction with the engine, and this maintains a vacuum of over 22 in. constantly. No cooling arrangement is used with this condenser as the water from the shaft, which is ample for the purpose, is used for injection, and after passing through the condenser it is pumped direct to the surface plant.

"The plant was put into commission in August 1925, and up to the present time (December) it has run perfectly at a speed of 100 revolutions per minute. This creates a depression equal to 4 in. of water, which causes the air to flow through the mine workings at a rate of 750,000 cu. ft. per minute."



A Saturday morning comparison conference in Cumberland. Reading from left to right: Mrs. E. Roughly with Junior Georges; Mrs. Georges with Josephine Reiva; Mrs. James Roughly; Mrs. James Draycott with Freda Roughly; Mary String-fellow and Samot Draycott.

Ole Skjarsen Joins a Few Frats

AS I have told you before, Ole Skjarsen, was a little slow in grasping the real beauties of football science. It took him some time to uncoil his mind from the principles of woodchopping and concentrate it on the full duty of man in a fullback's position. He nearly drove us to a sanitarium during the process, but when he once took hold, mercy me, how he did progress from hither to you over the opposition! He was the wonder fullback of those times, and at the end of three years there wasn't a college anywhere that didn't have Ole's hoofmarks all over its pride. Oh, he was a darling. To see him jumping sideways down a football field with the ball under his arm, landing on some one of the opposition at every jump and romping over the goal line with tacklers hanging to him like streamers would have made you want to vote for him for Governor. Ole was the greatest man who ever came to Siwash. Prexy had always been considered some personage by the outside world, but he was only a bump in the background when Ole was around. Of course we all loved Ole madly, but for all that he didn't make a frat. He didn't, for the same reason that a rhinoceros doesn't get invited to garden parties. He didn't seem to fit the part. Not only his clothes, but also his haircuts were hand-me-down. He regarded a fork as a curiosity. His language was a sort of a head-on collision between Norwegian and English in which very few words had come out undamaged. In social conversation he was out of bounds nine minutes out of ten, and it kept three men busy changing the subject when he was in full swing. He could dodge eleven men and a referee on the football field without trying, but put him in a forty by fifty room with one vase in it, and he couldn't dodge it to save his life.

The Alfalfa Delts were to get first crack at him. They were to be followed on the second night by the Chi Yi Sighs, who were to make him a brother, dead or alive. On the third night we of Eta Beta Pie were to take the remains and decorate them with our fraternity pin after ceremonies in which being kicked by a mule would only be considered a two-minute recess. Ole was initiated into the Alfalfa Delts on a Wednesday night. We heard echoes of it from our front porch. The next morning only three of the Alfalfa Delts appeared at chapel, while Ole was out at six A. M., roaming about the campus with the Alfalfa Delt pin on his necktie. The next night the Chi Yi Sighs took him on for one hundred and seventeen rounds in their brand new lodge, which had a sheet-iron initiation den. The whole thing was a fizzle. When we looked Ole over the next morning we couldn't find so much as a scratch on him. He was wearing the Chi Yi pin beside the Alfalfa Delt pin, and he was as happy as a baby with a bottle of ink. There were nine broken window-lights in the Chi Yi lodge, and we heard in a roundabout way that they called in the police about three A. M. to help them explain to Ole that the initiation was over. That's the kind of a trembling neophyte Ole was. But we just giggled to ourselves. Anybody could break up a Chi Yi initiation, and the Alfalfa Delts were a set of narrow-chested snobs with automobile callouses instead of muscles. We ate a hasty dinner on Friday evening and set all the scenery for the big scrunch. Then we put on our old clothes and waited for Ole to walk into our parlor.

In the January Magazine we told the story of Ole Skjarsen's first touchdown as football was played at "Good Old Siwash," a mythical college in the great Middle West. Ole's success as a fullback put him in line for membership in a college frat, and now we herewith reproduce George Fitch's story of how Ole was initiated.

Ole wasn't due until nine, but about eight o'clock he came creaking up the steps and dented the door with his large knuckles in a bashful way. He looked larger and knobbier than ever and, if anything, more embarrassed. We led him into the lounging-room in silence, and he sat down twirling his straw hat. It was October, and he had worn the thing ever since school opened. Other people who wore straw hats in October get removed from under them more or less violently; but, somehow, no one had felt called upon to maltreat Ole. We hated that hat, however, and decided to begin the evening's work on it. "Your hat, Mr. Skjarsen," said Bugs Wilbur in majestic tones. Ole reached the old ruin out. Wilbur took it and tossed it into the grate. Ole upset four or five of us who couldn't get out of the way and rescued the hat, which was blazing merrily. "Ent yu gat no sanse?" he roared angrily. "Das ban a gude hat." He looked at it gloomily. "Et ban spoiled now," he growled, tossing the remains into a wastepaper basket. "Yu ban purty fallers. Vat for yu do dat?" The basket was full of papers and things. In about four seconds it was all ablaze. Wilbur tried to go over and choke it off, but Ole pushed him back with one forefinger. "Yust stay away," he growled. "Das basket ent

costing some more as my hat, I gass." We stood around and watched the basket burn. We also watched a curtain blaze up and the finish on a nice hamogany desk crack and blister. It was all very humorous. The fire kindly went out of its own accord, and some one tiptoed around and opened the windows in a timid

sort of way. It was a very successful initiation so far—only we were the neophytes.

"This won't do," muttered Allie Bangs, our president. He got up and went over to Ole. "Mr. Skjarsen," he said severely, "you are here to be initiated into the awful mysteries of Eta Beta Pie. It is not fitting that you should enter her sacred boundaries in an unfettered condition. Submit to the brethren that they may blindfold you and bind you for the ordeals to come." Gee, but we used to use hand-picked language when we were unsheathing our claws! Ole growled. "Ol rite," he said. "But Aye tal yu ef yu fallers buru das har west lak yu burn ma hat I skoll raise ruffhans like deekins!" We tied his hands behind him with several feet of good stout rope and hobbled him about the ankles with a dog chain. Then we blindfolded him and put a pillowslip over his head for good measure. Things began to look brighter. Even a demon fullback has to have one or two limbs working in order to accomplish anything. When all was fast Bangs gave Ole a preliminary kick. "Now, brethren," he roared, "bring on the Macedonian guards and give them the neophyte!"

At the end of an hour we were positively all in. There weren't three of us unwounded. The house was a wreck. Wilbur had a broken nose. "Chick" Struthers' kneecap hurt. "Lima" Bean's ribs were telescoped, and there wasn't a good shin in the house. We quit in disgust and sat around looking at Ole. He was sitting around, too. He happened to be sitting on Bangs, who was yelling for help. But we didn't feel like starting any relief expedition. Ole was some rumped, and his clothes looked as if they had been fed into a separator. But he was intact, as far as we could see. He was still tied and blindfolded, and I hope to be buried alive in a branch-line town

if he wasn't getting bored. "Vat fur yu qvit?" he asked. "It ent fun setting around har." We tiptoed out of the cellar and whistled. Ole followed us up the steps. That is, he did on the second attempt. On the first he fell down with melodious thumps. We hugged each other, slipped behind a tree and whistled again. Ole charged across the yard and into the tree. The line held. I heard him say something in Norwegian that sounded secular. By that time we were across the street. There was a low railing around the parking, and when we whistled again Ole walked right into the railing. The line held again. Oh, I'll tell you that Petey boy was a wonder at getting up ideas. Think of it—Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison, Christopher Columbus, old Bill Archimedes and all the rest of the wise guys had overlooked this simple little discovery of how to make a neophyte initiate himself. It was too good to be true. We held a war dance of pure delight, and we whistled some more. We got behind stone walls, and whistled. We climbed embankments, and whistled. We slid behind blackberry bushes and ash piles and across ditches and over hedge fences, and whistled. We were so happy we could hardly pucker. Think of it! There was Ole Skjarsen, the most uncontrollable force in Nature, following us like a yellow pup with his dinner three days overdue. It was as fascinating as guiding a battleship by wireless.

We slipped across a footbridge over Cedar Creek, and whistled. Ole missed the bridge by nine yards. There isn't must water in Cedar Creek, but what there is is strong. It took Ole fifteen minutes to climb the other bank, owing to a beautiful collection of old barrel-hoops, corsets, crockery and empty tomato cans which decorated the spot. Did you ever see a blind-folded man, with his hands tied behind his back, trying to climb over a city dump? No? Of course not, any more than you have seen a green elephant. But it's a fine sight, I assure you. When Ole got out of the creek we whistled him dextrously into a barnyard and right into the maw of a brindle bull-pup with a capacity of one small man in two bites—we being safe on the other side of the fence, beyond the reach of the chain. Maybe that was mean, but Eta Bit Pie is not to be trifled with when she is aroused. Anyway, the bull got the worst of it. He only got one bite. Ole kicked in the barn door on the first try, and demolished a corn sheller on the second; but on the third he hit the pup squarely abeam and dropped a beautiful goal with him. We went around to see the dog the next day. He looked quite natural. You would almost think he was alive. It was here that we began to smell trouble. I had my suspicions when we whistled again. There was a pretty substantial fence around that barnyard, but Ole didn't wait to find the gate. He came through the fence not very far from us. He was conversing under that mangled pillowslip, and we heard fragments sounding like this: "Purty soon Aye gat yu—yu spindle-shauk, vite-face, skagaroot-smokin' dudes! Ugh-ump!"—here he came off a tree. "Ven Aye gat das blindfold off, Aye gat yu—yu Baked-Pie galoots!—Ugh! Wow!"—barbed-wire fence. "Vistle sum more, yu vide-trouserer polekats. Aye make yu vistle, Aye bet yu, rite away! Up—plop—plop!" That's the kind of noise a man makes when he walks into a horse-trough at full speed. "Geel!" said Petey nervously. "I guess we've given him enough. He's getting sort of peevisish. I don't believe in being too cruel. Let's take him back now. You don't suppose he can get his hands loose, do you?" I didn't know. I wished I did. Of course, when you watch a lion trying to get at you from behind a fairly strong cage you feel perfectly safe, but you feel safer when you are somewhere else, just the same. We got out on the pavement and gave a gentle whistle. "Aye har yu!" roared Ole, coming through a chicken yard. "Aye har yu, yu leetle Baked Pies! Aye gat yu urty soou. Yust vait." We didn't wait. We put on a little more gasoline and started for the frat house. We didn't have to whistle any more. Ole

was right behind us. We could hear him thundering on the pavement and pleading with us in that rich nutty dialect of his to stop and have our heads pounded on the bricks. I shudder yet when I think of all the things he promised to do to us. We went down the street like a couple of Roman gladiators pacing a hungry bear, and, by tangling Ole up in the parkings again, managed to get home a few yards ahead.

"Mr. Skjarsen," began Petey in the regular dark-lantern voice that all secret societies use—"Mr. Skjarsen—for as such we must still call you—the final test is over. You have acquitted yourself nobly. You have been faithful to the end. You have stood your vigil unflinchingly. You have followed the call of Eta Bit Pie over every obstacle and through every suffering." "Aye ban following him leetle farder, if Aye had ladder," said Ole in a bloodthirsty voice. "Ven Aye ban getting at yu, Aye play hal vid yu Baked Pies!" "And now," said Petey, ignoring the interruption, "the final ceremony is at hand. Do not fear. Your trials are over. In the dark recesses of this secret chamber above you we have discussed your bearing in the trials that have beset you. It has pleased us. You have been found worthy to continue toward the high goal. Ole Skjarsen, we are now ready to receive you into full membership." "Come rite on!" snorted Ole. "Aye reevee yu into membership all rite. Yust come on down." "It won't work, Petey," Bangs groaned. Petey kicked his shins as a sign to shut up. "Ole Skjarsen, son of Skjar Oleson, stand up," he said, sinking his voice another story. Ole got up. It was plain to be seen that he was getting interested. "The president of this powerful order will now administer the oath," said Petey, shoving Bangs forward. So there, at five A. M., with the whole chapter treed in a garret, and the officers, the leading lights of Siwash, crouching around a scuttle and shivering their teeth loose, we initiated Ole Skjarsen. It was impressive, I can tell you. When it came to the part where the neophyte swears to protect a brother, even if he has to wade in blood up to his necktie, Bangs bore down beautifully and added a lot of extra frills. The last words were spoken. Ole was an Eta Bit Pie. Still, we weren't very sanguine. You might interest a man-eater by initiating him, but would you destroy his appetite? There was no grand rush for the ladder. As Ole stood waiting, however, Petey swung himself down and landed beside him. He cut the ropes that bound his wrists, jerked off the pillowslip and cut off the blindfold. Then he grabbed Ole's mastodontic paw. "Shake, brother!" he said. Nobody breathed for a few seconds. It was darned terrifying, I can tell you. Ole rubbed his eyes with his free hand and looked down at the morsel hanging on to the other. "Shake, Ole!" insisted Petey. "You went through it better than I did when I got it." I saw the rudiments of a smile begin to break out on Ole's face. It grew wider. It got to be a grin; then a chasm with a sunrise on either side. He looked up at us again, then down at Petey. Then he pumped Petey's arm until the latter danced like a cork bobber. "By ying, Aye du et!" he shouted. "Ve ban gnde fallers, ve Baked Pies, if ve did broke my nose." "What's the matter with Ole?" some one shouted. "He's all right!" we yelled. Then we came down out of the garret and made a rush for the furnace.

Character

The Best of all Collateral

The late J. P. Morgau said:

"I have known a man to come into my office, and I have given him a check for a million dollars when I knew they had not a cent in the world. The first thing is Character. Before money or anything else. That is the rule of business."

Big Business and the Individual

IT is now 150 years since Adam Smith wrote his famous treatise on political economy, "The Wealth of Nations," and the world is reading it today.

Twenty-two years later Malthus enunciated his famous Malthusian doctrine, which, in substance, held that the population of the world growing in a geometrical ratio would overtake the growth of the food supply which increased in an arithmetical ratio; providing, however, that war or pestilence did not give the world a great set back. Malthus is being read today as well as Smith, but the invention of the self binder, the steam threshing machine, and more recently the farm tractor, has upset the fear of starvation that Malthus proclaimed, and so nearly all our fears and misgivings yield to the inventive genius of the age.

Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, of Harvard University, in a recently published work, "The Economy of Human Energy," has expressed the relationship of "big business" to the individual so clearly as to justify its repetition. Professor Carver said:

Bigness No Crime.

So much has been written in a demagogic vein about "big business" that the idea is gaining ground that bigness is a crime. This is in line with another popular idea, namely, that it is the duty of the government to protect the weak against the strong. In a crude and primitive society it might, perhaps, have been assumed that the strong man was able to take care of himself and that it was only the weak man who needed protection. It is to be hoped however, that civilization has advanced beyond this primitive state. Even the strong man may find it cheaper to pay taxes for police protection than to try to furnish his own protection. Even the weak man may need restraint as much as the strong man. If there is anything which modern psychology has proved, it is that the average criminal is below rather than above the average in strength and intelligence. He is mentally defective, rather than mentally superior and is incapable of taking care of himself and unable to control himself—therefore he must be controlled by the State.

No need of protecting weakness against Strength.

In short, it is high time that we stopped talking about protecting the weak against the strong. That is quite as absurd as the opposite idea usually fathered upon the late Frederick Nietzsche, that the strong should be given a perfectly free hand to rule and exploit the weak. It is time to begin talking about protecting production against predation. Whether the productive individual be strong or weak, the state must in its own interest protect him. Whether the predacious individual be weak or strong, the state must equally in its own interest suppress him. If the individual is in part a producer and in part preying upon other people, that part of his work which is productive must be protected and rewarded and that part which is predacious must be punished. The state need not give itself the slightest concern over the question as to whether he is weak or strong—that would be a silly question anyway. But the question whether his activities are productive or predacious is a matter of

Production is what is wanted.

The more individuals there are producing and the more each one produces, the better it is for the State. The more there are preying upon other people and the more successful they are, the worse it is for the State. The more prosperous a man becomes through productive effort, the more prosperous he makes the state. The more prosperous he becomes through predacious effort, the more he subtracts from the prosperity of the State. The millionaire or the billionaire who has earned his millions or his billions is a benefit rather than a menace. The man whose wealth is measured only in thousands or even in hundreds, if he has not earned his thousands or his hundreds, is a menace rather than a benefit. In other words, the size of the individual's fortune need not give us the slightest concern. It is the way the fortune was accumulated, and that alone, which needs to be studied. The more millionaires there are in the country, the better off the country is, provided each millionaire has earned his millions. The only rational limit which ought to be placed on the size of a man's fortune is the limit of his actual earnings, and that limit cannot be named.

How much would a man be missed?

The best way of estimating the value of a man or his earning power is to find out how much he would be missed if he were to stop working, or emigrate, or, more accurately, how much worse off the community would have been if he had never worked. How much less would the community produce without him than with him? If that would make a difference of about a dollar a day in the total production of the community, then he is worth about one dollar a day. If it would make a difference of one thousand dollars a day, then he is worth one thousand dollars a day.

The superfluous person.

How much an individual is worth in the community, or how much he would be missed if he were to leave the community, depends to a considerable extent on the question of how many other men there are just like him who are able and willing to do the kind of work which he is doing. If there are thousands of other men ready to take his place and do the work just as well as he can, obviously he is not worth much and the community could get along almost as well without him as with him. If there is no one else who can do the work quite as well as he can, and the work itself is quite important, then the community would miss him if he were to leave. In other words, he is worth a great deal. This, of course, is not very flattering to men of the former type. They can outvote the men of the latter type and if they are foolish enough to be deceived by political claptrap, they are very likely solemnly to vote themselves to be the real producers of the wealth of the country and to call the other man a parasite.

The indispensable person.

If there is a kind of work which it is very important that the community should have done, and there are only a few who are capable of doing it, two things are fairly obvious: First, those few will be well paid, because each one is very much needed. Second, there ought to be more such men in that community if they could be found or persuaded to train themselves for that kind of work. The way to encourage men to train themselves for that kind of work is to pay them well for it and honor them besides. The way to discourage them and to make such men still scarcer is to denounce them and call them parasites. If there is another kind of work for which there are thousands of capable men ready, however important that work is in itself, no individual among those thousands is the utmost concern.

worth very much, that is, any one of them can be spared with no great loss. If a certain number of these men could be persuaded to train themselves for the other kind of work for which men are scarce, the community would gain. It would lose a certain number of men from an occupation where men were overabundant and from which they could easily be spared and gain an equal number in an occupation where they were very much needed and where each addition was a great gain to the community. The way to encourage men to make this transition is to pay them low wages in the overcrowded and high wages in the undercrowded occupations. But while the men in the overcrowded occupations are in a weak position economically, they are in a strong position politically in that they can outvote the men in the undercrowded occupation. They are, therefore, under a strong temptation, if they are improperly led, to try and vote themselves favors and to vote against the interests of those in the undercrowded occupation.

When capitalists are scarce.

Even the despised capitalist may sometimes and in some places be the most needed man. When there are very few capitalists and very little capital, one more capitalist may be worth more in the time and place than one more laborer. This is not saying that capital or capitalists are, in general, more important than laborers. It is important that we keep clearly in mind the difference between the absolute importance of a thing and its relative importance to the particular needs of a given time and place. Economists were relativists before Einstein was heard from. All economic values are relative to the needs of the people of a given time and place.

The weak link.

What is the most important link in a chain? No one can say; yet if one link is weaker than the rest, no one would be in doubt as to which most needed strengthening. The weak link is not in itself any more important than any other. Its improvement, however, is very much more important than the improvement of any other. If some one will improve that link, his work is more useful or productive than that of any one who would improve or strengthen one of the stronger links. All the productive work of the world is like this. It consists in the strengthening of weak links—of fixing things up that need fixing.

The unbalanced sandwich.

Which is the more important part of a sandwich, the bread or the ham? No one can say. In most of the sandwiches that I buy, however, the ham is the weak link. I would give more for another eighth of an inch of thickness in the slice of ham than for another eighth of an inch of thickness in the bread. Ham is not more important than bread, but it would be more important to me to have the ham thickened than to have the bread thickened. If one man would offer to add an eighth of an inch of ham, and another would offer to add an eighth of an inch of bread, I would appreciate the former's offer more highly than the latter's. My appreciation would probably take the form of offering a somewhat higher price for that eighth of an inch of ham than for another eighth of bread. I never saw a sandwich of the other kind, but I can at least imagine one in which there would be so much ham and so little bread as to reverse the situation, in which case I would probably offer more for an additional eighth of an inch of bread than an additional eighth of an inch of ham. A great deal of the economic activity of the world is taken up with thickening the part of the sandwich that is too thin, or increasing the supply of something that is scarce. Not much is devoted to increasing the supply of things that are already sufficiently abundant.

There is so much being put out in cheap magazines and class newspapers written by "pot boilers" who, enjoying a limited education, assume to teach the world how to conduct its affairs that an occasional clarifying expression is worth the reading.

Surplus Magazines Given to Girl Scouts

DURING the summer months of 1924 and 1925 we had quite a number of magazines left over. These contain articles and pictures of special interest to many of us. There are a lot of July, 1925, numbers with pictures of the Old Timers' Association members. We do not like to destroy any because we are constantly being asked for extra copies of a certain issue and know that many more of our readers could use additional copies of some special magazine. So we are giving all of them to the Girl Scouts in the towns and are asking everybody to supply themselves from the girls. The girls will charge a tiny fee and will use the money they make for their Go-to-Camp fund.



Puny Mike takes an interest in the Girl Scout First Aid Contest.



John James Audubon

French-American Painter of Birds

I have never seen a live flamingo but I always think of the flamingo as the most beautiful of birds because of a picture I once saw. For several months I passed an Art Shop every morning in whose window was a painting of these most colorful birds. I do not now know the name of the artist, nor do I know his name for the picture, but I remember stopping every morning to admire it. And when, after having been away from that city for some time, I was again in the vicinity of the art shop, I found myself seeking that window to see if "my flamingo" was still there.

It is remarkable that the man who, with his painting has introduced us to the "Birds of America" was a French-American—John James Audubon, "The King of Ornithological Painters," as the great Italian painter, Gerard, called him after looking at his wonderful life-sized drawings of the birds of America.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana on May 4, 1780, but was really a Frenchman. His father was a sailor, and had command of a small vessel of the then Imperial Navy. He frequently visited America. So it happened that his son, John James, was born here. A few years later he was taken to his father's old home in Nantes, France.

He spent a happy boyhood and was allowed, not being kept at school very strictly, to spend much time in the woods watching the birds and gathering their nests, thus early showing the interest which became the dominant influence of his life. His father, returning from a voyage, and finding the boy missing school a great deal, sent him away from home. At his new school he had the advantage of drawing lessons from a quite celebrated artist and learned to draw from nature.

His father wanted him to be a soldier under Napoleon, and when he refused, was so disappointed that he sent him to America to take care of his property at Mill Grove.

At Mill Grove he was entirely happy, spending his time hunting, fishing and drawing. He married there, the daughter of an English neighbor, Miss Lucy Bakewell. He started several business ventures but was always unsuccessful. He delighted in outdoor occupations, studying with eagerness the habits of the birds and animals he found in the woods.

His father died and, disregarding his own need, he transferred the estate in France to his sister. Then, another business enterprise turning out badly, he began portrait-painting. In this he made his first success. Soon he was offered the position of curator at a museum in Cincinnati. He accepted and received liberal compensation for his preparation of birds. He also opened a drawing school in the city, and for a while he did well financially.

Then, on October 12, 1820, he started on an expedition into Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, in search of ornithological specimens, and his Journal reflects—not only his enthusiasm for his bird specimens but tells most interesting stories about how he financed his trip. Once he was in need of new shoes as also was his companion; neither had the money to buy them, so Audubon went to a shoemaker and offered to make portraits of he and his wife in return for two pairs of shoes. The offer was accepted, the portraits completed and the travellers went on newly shod.

The path of genius always seems to be blocked with money difficulties. That of Audubon was no exception. Arriving in New Orleans he sought vainly for worth-while employment. He secured a few orders for portraits, the revenue from which supplied his needs while he went on painting birds. Then he got an engagement to teach drawing at a small school. He wished to make New Orleans his headquarters so he sent for his family. He tells that he rented a house for seventeen dollars a month, and began house-keeping with only forty-two dollars. Mrs. Audubon took a position as governess in order to get enough money to educate their children. Schools were not free in those days.

After many trying experiences he went to Philadelphia in the hope that he might obtain help to complete his work on birds. Following him through his many painful experiences, the needs of his own family and his financial struggles, one is tremendously impressed with his determination to persevere in accomplishing the wish of his life, freedom to study and paint birds, and then to have his findings published, and his work recognized.

He carried the prospectus of his book, "Birds of America," to New York, to Paris, and finally to London, and despite the fact that he landed in London with only one sovereign in his pocket, he succeeded by working almost night and day for four years, in getting recognition and enough help to enable him to publish his first book.

He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, a great honor, as only persons of recognized merit and talents were admitted.

Of him one writer has said: "Of the naturalists of America, no one stands out in more picturesque relief than he. He undertook and accomplished one of the most gigantic tasks that has ever fallen to the lot of man to perform. For more than three-quarters of a century his splendid paintings—which for spirit and vigor are still unsurpassed, have been the admiration of the world. As a field naturalist he was at his best, and had few equals. He was a keen observer, and possessed the rare gift of instilling into his writings the freshness of nature and his own enthusiasm."

Almost everyone enjoys some kind of natural history, but only a scientific urge amounting to genius could carry one through the hardships he endured.

Someone else has said that he combined the grace of the Frenchman with the candor, patience, and earnestness of purpose of the American. America has among her foreign-born citizens many such fruit-bearing combinations.

Music in Hospital

The flame of my life burned low;
They thought I was all but dead.
"He has not very far to go"
Their whispering said.

Suddenly over the way,
Outswelling the din of the street,
A piano began to play;
I found it sweet.

Only a halting machine
Grinding an elfin tune
With whirrings and whangings obscene
As a tipsy buffoon;

Yet to me it meant rapture and mirth
And the endless continuance, after
These sorry adventures on Earth—
Of beauty and laughter.

Then the flame of my life burned stronger,
Blown on by that musical elf,
And I settled to stay a while longer
Making music myself.

—By Robert Haven Schauflier.

SOME SMILES



Tactics

Wife: "I can't understand, John, why you always sit on the piano stool when we have company. Everyone knows that you can't play a note."

Husband: "I'm well aware of that, dear. Neither can anyone else while I'm sitting there."—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Proof

"There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."

"How do you know?"

"I've asked them."—Juggler.

The Regular Thing

Stranger: "When is the next train due?"

Village Station Master—"Mister, we ain't particular 'round here. We take 'em as they come."—Life.

Starting Gradually

Girl—(taking singing lessons): "Do you think I might use my voice in public now?"

Tutor: "Oh, I suppose so. You might cheer when your brother's team scores."—Pearson's.

Says One Broncho to Another

Charlie Cayuse: "The next puncher that tries to ride me is gonna get bucked into the middle of next week."

Billy Broncho: "Gwan! You couldn't even throw the Prince of Wales."—Life.

Rejected

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked the melancholy-looking young man.

"No, sir," the young man replied, "I was eliminated in the preliminary tryouts."—Chronicle.

Thrift

An old timer sitting on a hotel porch with a Scotchman, who smoked a fine cigar, but would never give one away. Old timer thinking he would get a cigar, started out like this:

"By gosh, I have no matches; have you a match, Sandy?"

Sandy: "Yes," handing over match.

Old timer: "By golly, I have no tobacco, and find that my pipe is gone," thinking this would surely bring a cigar.

Sandy: "Are you sure you have no pipe and tobacco?"

Old timer: "Yes."

Sandy: "Well, give back the match, lad; you will not need it."

Too Late!

Liza: "An' when dat robbah man said 'Hol' up yo' hands!' what did yo' say?"

Rastus: "Me? Ah jes laffed at him. Ah already had 'em up."—New Haven Register.

Racial Characteristics

Eight men were once wrecked on a desert island. A year later a ship picked them up. The skipper of the ship noted in his log that: "The two Scotchmen had founded a Caledonian society. The two Irishmen had fought twice a day during the whole year. The two Englishmen hadn't spoken because they'd never been introduced. The two Americans had opened a real estate agency in a palmleaf hut, with a Rotary Club, a Boosters' league and a hooch-making plant in the cellar."—Saskatoon Phoenix.

A Question of Identity

Professor: "Who's there—a burglar?"

Voice in the Dark: "Nobody's here, boss."

"Hmm. Sounds very sincere. It shows how one can be mistaken in people."—Judge.

Curtailed

"Say, Breezie, did you hear that my brother's dog was playin' round the railroad track and had his tail cut off?"

"That's too bad. He was such a pretty dog. That'll spoil his 'carriage.'"

"Carriage, hell! It's ruined his 'waggin.'"—Bison.

Difficult Filling

"Why did you name your little boy Prescription," Mrs. Naylor asked the colored cook.

"Cause," was the answer, "Ah has sech a time gettin' him filled."—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Perhaps Jealous

First Girl: "Wouldn't your mother be awful angry if she saw that scanty bathing suit?"

Second Girl: "I should say she would. It's hers."—Midnapore Gazette.

The Way It Seems

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."

"I think you have struck my back collar button," moaned the victim.

—Bison.

Makes a Difference

Vistor: "If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one, and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?"

Johnny: "D'ye mean my big brother or my little one?"

Giving Everybody a Chance

"Oh, dear," sighed a pretty girl in a restaurant, "I must have forgotten my purse!"

"Allow me to pay," offered a gallant male.

She looked at him with care, then smiled sweetly.

"No," she said, "you paid for me yesterday. Let some one else do it today."

A New One

She: "Now what are you stopping for?"

He (as ear comes to halt): "I've lost my bearings."

She: "Well, at least you're original. Most fellows run out of gas!"—Idaho Yarn.

Lucky Woman

She: "Mary is a lucky woman. She has married one man out of a thousand."

He: "Well, how many did you expect her to marry?"



Of Interest to Women



Every Woman Has a Place in Child Health National Campaigns

J. McD.

JUST everybody tells us that what America needs is not more law or laws, but better observance of the laws we have. The Orator, reflecting the Press, tells us so, and the Press, quoting the Orator, tells us so. Both are probably quite right. Certainly a better observance of the law "as is" in the spots where we need better legislation would result in our eventually getting that better legislation. And, equally truly, a full use of the child health provisions now arranged by statute, should be made—if we hope to progress in raising the standard of the child-health of our nation, and of increasing provisions to that end.

May Day is National Child-Health Day. It is fostered as such by the American Child Health Association. Herbert Hoover is president of the Association. Its purpose is stated by Mr. Hoover in the Child's Bill of Rights:

"The ideal to which we should drive is that there be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from under-nutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health."

For a long time after the war, again quoting Orator and Press, we heard a lot about the "by-products of the war." And surely one of the most worth-while "by-products" was an awakened and awakening American conscience concerning its child-health and mother-education programs. Perhaps a hurt pride had something to do with the waking of our conscience. It wasn't pleasant to learn that we, despite our wealth, our progressiveness, our splendid young virility and our splendid educational system, were seventh down from the top of the list in the percentage of maternal deaths we had.

The Shepherd-Towner Bill, which made possible federal and state appropriations for the maintenance of Infancy and Maternal-Welfare nurses, or "Shepherd-Towner" nurses, came into being because the women of our land asked for it and fought most strenuously for its passage. It is supervised (nationally) by the Children's Bureau in Washington. Miss Julia Lathrop, veteran and pioneer social worker, who has given many years of a most strenuous life to public service, is head of the Bureau. Programs are worked out in each state to fit the needs of that state, by the State Department of Health, and like any programs which have to be evolved, were never meant to be static.

The organized women of America brought this work into being and, after the long years of strenuous lobbying and "stumping" in its behalf, they should now see that the "experiment" is given a chance to make a real "demonstration" and that its specific program be really adapted to the local need.

A Lady

J. McD.

ONCE someone, describing a woman I'd heard of but didn't know, said: "She's a lady but she's no snob." Rather unnecessary, wasn't it? If she was

a lady she couldn't be a snob. Of course there are some folks who feel they are impressing people by being snobbish. The real trouble with them is that they have a bit of an inferiority complex and feel the need of trying to impress people. Just like the rather noisy person who always demands the center of the stage, insisting on everybody admiring her new dress, hearing about her conquests or accomplishments and abilities. She has not made the right social adjustments and, whether she is conscious of it or not, is trying to make up for lack in herself.

But the other day I came across the most delightful definition of a "lady" given by Joy to her friend Patience Ward in Alma Boice Holland's novel, "Joy of Elbow Hollow."

"First of all," said Joy, "it's being kind. A woman whose heart is just honest-to-goodness kind never makes many serious mistakes anywhere. Then it's being interested in other folks and keeping tolerant and broad and happy. And—oh—it's always being able to see the laughing side of things as well as having tears that are quick to come for sadness.

"And it's being willing to work without shame if you must toil with your hands and it's keeping your body clean and your mind alive and living your own life by your own ideas of all that is best. And it's ranking money back among the little things and being grateful for life and health and the sky and trees and water and flowers and the blessings of God."

Isn't that a pretty satisfying portrait of a lady and isn't it one too that could be painted for any of us.

Common Colds

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which publishes several pamphlets on health for lay folks, has one called "Common Colds" which carries a paragraph on:

HOW TO KEEP FROM TAKING COLDS

(1) **STAY AWAY FROM PEOPLE WITH COLDS:** Especially during "flu" epidemics, it is wiser to stay at home than unnecessarily to be part of a crowd in poorly ventilated rooms or meeting places.

(2) **KEEP YOUR BODY BUILT UP** by eating nourishing food (not overeating sweets), sleeping eight hours, if possible, exercising outdoors in the sunshine every day and drinking at least six glasses of water daily.

(3) **TRAIN YOUR SKIN TO STAND CHANGE IN TEMPERATURE** by frequent bathing. Bathing each morning with water cool enough to give a healthy glow after the rub-down is good for hardening the skin. If cold water is too much of a shock at first, the temperature can be lowered a little each day. Sponging the neck and chest with cold water before dressing in the morning and rubbing well with a rough towel are helpful if an entire bath cannot be taken.

(4) **WEAR SENSIBLE CLOTHING.** Wear enough clothes to be comfortable. In this day of over-heated houses, offices and shops, it is better to put on extra wraps when going out-doors than to wear heavy underwear all the time. Winter shoes should have thick soles and rubbers should be worn on rainy days. Wool stockings in cold weather are both comfortable and sensible.

(5) **BREATHE THROUGH YOUR NOSE.** Air is filtered as it passes along the nasal passage on its way to the lungs. The mouth-breather takes germs directly into his throat. See a doctor if you have trouble in breathing through your nose.

(6) HAVE DISEASED TONSILS, ADNOIDS OR BAD TEETH REMOVED.

(7) WASH YOUR HANDS OFTEN—ALWAYS BEFORE EATING. Brush your teeth at least twice a day.

(8) LIVE AND WORK IN WELL-VENTILATED ROOMS. It is better for the thermometer to read 68° than over 70°. Overheated rooms cause more colds than underheated. Windows should be opened at least twice a day, even during the winter, for complete change of air. If there are dust or fumes where you work, wear a mask if possible—at least "sweep-out" your lungs with fresh air for a few moments at your lunch hour or when walking part of the way to and from work.

(9) SLEEP WITH OPEN WINDOWS in winter and summer. It is not enough that air be cold—it must be fresh.

(10) KEEP YOUR FEET DRY. An extra pair of shoes and hose kept at your place of work will add to your health and comfort when you are caught without rubbers. Rubbing the feet briskly with a rough towel will help you keep from taking cold from wet feet.

(11) COOL OFF GRADUALLY. If you are perspiring, an electric fan or a cool breeze may start a cold.

(12) SEE A DOCTOR if you keep on taking cold in spite of taking care of yourself. If you take cold often or if colds hang on, your health needs watching.

Vegetables

VEGETABLES should form a large part of our daily diet. They contain pure water and mineral matter, and also health-promoting vitamins. And vegetables may be made the most appetizing of dishes. Here are some general rules for the preparation of vegetables and some splendid vegetable dish recipes.

Wash vegetables thoroughly. Pare, peel or scrape if skins must be removed. Skins should be left on to keep in all the food value possible. Beets must never be peeled before cooking. Soak in cold water until ready to cook. Cook in freshly boiled salted water until tender. Allow one teaspoon salt to one quart of water. Use enough boiling water to cover vegetables. Salt may be added when vegetables are put in, except in the case of delicate green vegetables, as peas, spinach, etc., when it should not be added until the vegetables are done. To preserve the color of green vegetables, cook uncovered. Cabbage, onions and turnips should be cooked uncovered in a large quantity of water. By changing the water once or twice during the cooking, much of the strong odor and flavor may be lost. Water in which vegetables have been cooked is called vegetable stock, and should never be thrown away but used in soups and sausages.

Winter vegetables should be kept in a cool, dark, dry place. Fresh vegetables may be washed and kept in ice in a clean piece of cloth.

ASPARAGUS

Tough lower ends should be cut off. Cook in deep sauce-pan standing upright. The steam will cook the tender tips while the hard stocks will be cooked in the boiling water. Or break into inch pieces, cooking tip parts first and adding the tender tips the last 15 minutes. Serve on toast with drawn butter or with white or Hollandaise sauce or bake the cooked asparagus with Golden sauce.

GOLDEN SAUCE

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons butter | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 2 egg yolks |
| 1 1/2 cups milk | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | or vinegar |

Make sauce of first three ingredients, salt and pepper. Beat egg yolks slightly and just before serving, add sauce and heat. Add lemon juice and serve at once.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1/2 head cabbage | 1/2 cup bread crumbs |
| 1 1/2 cups white sauce | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 4 tablespoons grated cheese | 1 teaspoon salt. |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper | |

Soak and wash half a head of firm cabbage in salted water. Then boil cabbage; change water two or three times during cooking. Allow to cook and cut fine. Into a well-greased baking-dish put a layer of well-seasoned cabbage (salt, pepper, lemon juice), a layer of white sauce, and continue making layers until all of the ingredients are used. Put well-buttered bread crumbs over top of the mixture and cover them with a layer of grated cheese. Bake (covered) until the mixture is bubbling hot. Then remove, cover and brown.

STUFFED CABBAGE

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 medium-sized cabbage | 1/2 cup bread crumbs |
| 1 pound beef | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1 slice bacon or salt pork | 1 egg |
| 1 onion | Seasoning |
| | 1 green pepper |

Select solid cabbage, not too large, remove outside leaves, cut out stalk end, leaving a hollow shell. Chop uncooked beef, with bacon and onion. Add crumbs soaked in milk, beaten egg, salt and pepper. Shape mixture into balls or cakes, arrange in cabbage. Arrange strips of sweet pepper on top of cabbage, tie in cheese-cloth, then steam or boil until tender. Serve with tomato sauce.

ESCALLOPED TOMATOES

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 pint peeled and cut tomatoes | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups grated bread crumbs | 1 tablespoon butter |
| | A suggestion of pepper |

Reserve 3 tablespoons of bread crumbs and spread the remainder on a pan. Brown in the oven, being careful not to burn them. Mix the tomato, browned crumbs, salt, pepper and half the butter together, and put in a shallow baking dish. Spread the unbrowned crumbs on top, and dot with the remainder of the butter cut into bits. Bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. The top of this dish should be brown and crisp.

TOMATOES, CORN AND CHEESE

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 can sweet corn | 1 tablespoon cracker crumbs |
| 1 pint canned tomatoes | |
| 1/2 pound cottage cheese | 1 tablespoon butter |

Fresh corn and tomatoes can be used also. Put a layer of corn in a buttered baking dish, layer of tomatoes, a layer of cheese, and repeat. Sprinkle cracker crumbs over top, dot with butter, and bake for one-half hour.

Heaven is Not Reached at a Single Bound

(A fragment)

"We build the ladder by which we climb" is a line worthy of any poet. J. G. Holland (1819-81) has immortalized himself in this line, at least.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting a soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

—J. G. Holland.



Girls' Hearthfire Circle



Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross a Guest and Chief Speaker at Annual Girl Scout Mothers and Daughters Banquet

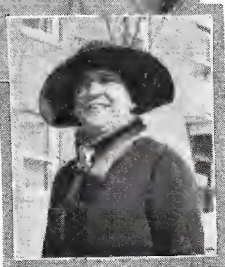
WHEN the Governor of your State is also a member of the Girl Scouts of your district and you've taken the "promise" with her; when she shows real discrimination in the matter of "yells" and doesn't look shocked when the Beavers and Owlettes indulge in their usual songly battle—and when she's willing to leave the various Departments of our State Government and let the "Armies and Navies" take care of themselves for a day in order to attend the Annual Girl Scout Mothers' and Daughters' Banquet it's—well, it's pretty grand, isn't it?

One hundred and ninety of us were there—we Senior Scouts—and our mothers, and our Council members, of course, and the members of the Boy Scout Executive Committee. We scouts gathered upstairs in the upper hall and, marching single-file so that our mothers might join us as we marched past the reception room, we started down to the Banquet Room. First came Troop I with Captain Cornielenson and their Nyoda flag at the head; then Troop II, such a nice lot of them, with an armful of songs, the always popular Beavers, and how they could sing! Then came Troop III, the Owlettes, and such a beautiful group of mothers; they found seats near the Beavers; next came Troop IV, with Captain Morrison and Lieutenant Clark, the Indians; came Troop V, the Sacajawews with Captain Mrs. Burt and Lieutenant Isabelle Huling. And doesn't Catherine Thompson make a great cheer leader? But she really makes a better mulligan maker. We were especially glad to see Troop VI, the girls of the Washington School—the first time we'd all had a chance to welcome these new scout sisters—with Captain Della Ryan and Lieutenants Mary Young and Ruth Lofgren. Came the Bluebells with Captain Mrs. Reynolds and Lieutenant Helen Pryde, and the Reliance scouts—four of them ready for the second class badges—with Captain Mrs. Buckles. Right to our places at the tables we filed, then stood at salute as Commissioner Chambers came in with her Excellency, Governor Ross.

This is the program we had:



Mrs. Oliver Chambers, our Commissioner, presided.



Mrs. A. W. Dickinson sang for us.

March — Mothers and Daughters . . . Scouts All
 "Star Spangled Banner" Mrs. A. W. Dickinson, "Singer Dick"
 "Long and Short—Long and Short."
 Toast—"Our Mothers"
Scout Edna Bell, Troop V
 Response—"A Girl Scout Mother"
Mrs. Robert Jack
 Toast—"Our Council"
Scout Norma Young, Troop III

ResponseMrs. A. L. McCurtain
 Let's Sing! "Start on the first Beat"—
 Toast—"Pioneering Mothers"Florence McPhee, Reliance
 Response—"Scouts Too"Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro
 President, State Federation Woman's Clubs
 Our LeadersScout Josephine Zueck, Troop II
 ResponseCaptain Mrs. A. Reynolds
 HOME SERVICE RECORD BOOK—
 (A Scout's Record With Her Mother)

"Table Setting"Lena Anselmi, Troop II
 "Ironing"Sylvia Bell, Troop IV
 "Song of the Brush"Marguerite Faddis, Troop I
 "We Sew"Girls of Troop VII
 "Darning"Girls of Troop VI
 "Cooking"Catherine Thompson, Grace Young, Troop V
 "Home Sweet Home" "Singer Dick"

SECOND CLASS SCOUTING—
 (We work for our honors.)

"Ready, setting up exercises"Lily Berta, Troop II

(Please turn to page 172)



We marched past Governor Ross after taps!

News About the Girl Scout First Aid Contest and Those Trips—First to Rock Springs and then to Denver

U MM! Umm! Delicious news! here I am again, girls. And if you thought your News Trumpeter looked sad last month you surely can't complain of any sadness now. Indeed, I've been so busy that I was tempted



to send my corporal to tell you this month's news but then it is so downright delicious that I was selfish enough to want to come to tell you all myself. And I know you must decide that I look anything but sad because I've been going around hanging on to my shining trumpet for very joy ever since I learned about the lovely things that are being planned for all of you First Aid contestants—in Rock

Spring—and then in Denver, where the final winners of all the groups are to put on an exhibition of First Aid work under the auspices of the Denver Safety Council, of which Doctor J. C. Roberts is manager, and after that they are to have a wonderful week-end of fun with trips around the city of Denver, and—listen to this—perhaps up Pikes Peak. Isn't that M-A-R-V-E-L-O-U-S!! Ever since I heard it I've been wishing someone had given us a happiness call. We have "taps" for night and a mess call and an "up in the morning" call, but why hasn't some of our musical folks given us a happiness call? I'd like it to be a mixture, with notes like a lark's song and then some like the happy chirps of our first robins in the spring when they hop around and tell us they are glad to be back again.

The contest in Rock Springs will be over in the forenoon of May 22nd. Then all the teams are to have luncheon together, and still have the afternoon to play in.

Nor is that all the nice things I know. Because I do know this—that all of the girls who have been taking First Aid training have learned a splendid lot of things that are going to be most useful always. And those of us who have completed the course may (Please turn to page 175)

Special Announcement for Girl Scout First Aid Contestants and Girl Scout First Aid Instructors

FOLLOWING a suggestion made by Lyman Fearn, of Cumberland, which has been repeated many times since and meets with general approval, it has been decided to hold the Girl Scout First Aid Contest in Rock Springs on Saturday, May 22nd, instead of on the 29th. The 29th is so near Decoration Day that many of those who are interested in the contest will want to make journeys to other towns and to their old homes on that day. The First Aid Contest then will be in your own towns during the week of May 15th to 22nd, and in Rock Springs on Saturday, May 22nd.

Junior Girl Scout Masquerade Party on the Afternoon of Saturday, April 10th, in High School Gymnasium

I T began with a Grand March. Lillian Carleson was Chief Announcer and, with the Senior Scout Committee, led the March through straight and counter-marches, mazes, reverses and turns that made a pretty pageant as fairies, clowns, winged sprites, tall-hatted gentlemen and Scout leaders paraded by.

Captain Della Ryan was in charge, and assisting her were Captain Mayme Brabson, Lieutenant Clark and Senior Scouts Josephine Brooks, Mamie Asalia, Lillian Carleson, Margaret Chambers, Louise Page, Josephine Zuick, Katie Skorup and Grace Young.

There was a troop stunt contest when first prize was won by Troop VI with a "dwarf" stunt; second prize went to the girls of Troop II for a dance of the fairies; Troop IV gave an advertisement pantomime, and Troop I a dramatization of their famous song "This is the way we go to Scouts." The prizes were scout ones. Troop VI won a real scout compass and Troop II a semaphore flag. Mrs. Oliver Chambers, Commissioner; Mrs. Matt Medill, Vice-Commissioner and Mrs. Campbell were judges.

It started with a Grand March and ended with ice cream and cake served by the Senior Scouts.



The Seniors have more fun than us? I should say not. The Junior Scouts had a masquerade and stunt party in the High School gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, April 10th.

Girl Scout Mothers and Daughters Banquet

(Continued from page 170)

"The Code"—A Message will be sent, Everybody Receiving Annie Sabiny, Troop I
 "The Compass".....Grace Shedden, Troop IV
 "Our Flag".....Girls of Troop VII
 "The law we live by".....Girls of Troop VI (With Captain Della Ryan)
 "The map we made".....Girls of Troop III
 Camp Cooks' Refrain.
 Scouting By Song.
 "I am a Scout".....Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross
 Presentation of Tenderfoot pins and second class badges.
 Greeting from Boy Scout Committee.
 America.
 Taps.

And we were ever so proud of the girls of our number who had been chosen to propose toasts or respond to toasts. And of our Commissioner and of our Mothers and our Leaders who talked. And we sang with Singer Dick. And then every troop sang ever so many songs they'd written themselves. Someday we might have a song composition contest. We think the Beavers might win it if we did.

There were cheers to our mothers, for our gentlemen guests, the members of the Boy Scouts Committee, for

"Scout Ross," for our leaders, for the game of scouting and all its parts. And the Beavers'

"Show me the way to go to Camp,
 Show me the way to go to Camp."

There were no Girl Scouts when Governor Ross was a girl but if there had been we're quite sure she'd have been one. Perhaps she would have been the bugler because she told us that when she was about twelve years old a band was organized in her town

and she teased and coaxed until her mother let her join it. She told us that she has three boys, all Boy Scouts, but that she was glad there were Girl Scouts and that she could belong.

Taps came all too soon and we were sorry to go home and wanted to say with the Nyodas:

"Purple, yellow, orange, green, We're the best you've ever seen, Nyoda, Nyoda, Nyoda,"

and to stretch it to include the whole district.



Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro, Jr., President, State Federation Woman's Clubs, was a guest.



Artist Sturholm says he visited the Reliance Scouts' First Aid Team. Perhaps he did.



Our Little Folks



A Story of the Music Staff

By Arthur Oglesbee

Pianist, Composer and Lecturer of the
Columbia School of Music,
Chicago

TELL us a story," came as one cry from three throats, for, after a day spent on the beach, the fire was lighted in the fireplace and the curtains were drawn.

"Right," Uncle Art said, "and what shall it be about?"

"I liked the one about the seale," Phyllis said. "Is there any more about it?"

"Why, of course," said Uncle Art. "Perhaps you would like to know about the staff, which is really the home of the seale."

"Tell it," all three cried at once.

"I shall, if Dick will get me a pencil and paper and a music book, for this story must have pictures!"

Dick brought the pencil and paper, and Bill brought a book of music, while Phyllis snuggled down into the softest spot she could find among the cushions, and the story began:

"We shall have to go a long way back into the past to find the beginning of our story, for it was before the white people came to America that the people were searching for a better way to write down their songs. You have read Froissart's 'Chronicles,' of course. Well, it was away back in the days he wrote about, the days of knights in armour, that the musical staff began to appear. Every true knight had to know both music and poetry—he must know how to write poems and set them to music, and he must be able to sing these songs and to play on their favorite instrument, the lute. All this he must do, for the noble ladies expected the knights to write songs for them, songs filled with the melody of birds, with descriptions of the land and sea, the forests and rivers, wild beasts, flowers, and sometimes their own adventures in travel and in the service of their king.

"Of course the knights liked to write down their songs to preserve them, and as there was no printing press in those days, the songs were copied out by hand on fine parchment, and the borders were decorated with gold and gayly colored leaves and flowers, birds and animals, and often little pictures, in fact, all the things about which the knights sang.

"But the staff on which they wrote their songs was not at all like ours. It usually had

four lines, instead of five, and the notes were odd looking squares or lozenges. The manuscripts were very beautiful, though, and to-day you can see them in the libraries of the great cities in Europe. Men and women from all over the world visit these libraries to study the songs of the Troubadours, or poet-knights as they were called.

"Some of these visitors have worked very hard and rewritten these songs on our staff and with our kind of notes, so that we can sing them to-day. One of the oldest of them you may know. The English children sing it, and call it 'The Duke of Marlborough.' It is like this:

" 'Marlborough is going to war,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine:
Marlborough is going to war,
Does not know when he'll return.' "

"The French children call it 'Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.' You will know the melody when I tell you that sometimes we sing it to the words, 'They kept the Pig in the Parlor.' It is really a very old song. We know that it was sung by the knights on the Crusades to the Holy Land.

"But now, suppose you wanted to write a 'round,' like 'London Bridge is Falling Down.' Four lines would not be enough for parts for three or four different voices. So for music like this there had to be more lines, sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty, although eleven was quite a common number to use. Just look at a staff like this," and Uncle Art drew a staff like the one in the first picture.

"Even with a red line for F, a yellow one for C, and a green one for G, it is not easy to tell one line from another," he went on. "Can you tell me quickly which is the sixth line? It is pretty difficult, isn't it? Do you know what musicians did? They just erased the middle line, the C line, and left a blank space there, like this." He drew another staff for them, like the one in the second picture.

"Don't you think that is easier to look at?" Uncle Art asked with a smile. "And by the time this staff was being used the harpsicord had been invented. Now the harpsicord has a keyboard like our pianos and pipe organs, and is played with two hands as the piano to-day. Queen Elizabeth played on an instrument like it, called the 'virginal,' and she had a book into which she copied the music she liked best.

"With the upper staff for the right hand, and the lower staff for the left hand, this divided staff is an ideal way to write music to-day. But just think how long it took to find it out! The Troubadours were writing their songs away back in the twelfth century, and the harpsicord only began to be used in the sixteenth century. So for nearly four hundred years music has been written on the great staff—and for four hundred years the big and little children of all countries have been learning to read music from this staff. It is like a universal language. Music written in America has the same appearance as music written in France or Germany, England or Italy; and when you learn the staff you can read the music of one nation just as easily as that of any other. And so, even if we cannot talk in their language to our French or German, or Italian cousins, we can play for them, and sing with them, and so we can understand each other.

"Perhaps you will go to Europe some day and see manuscripts of the old Troubadour songs for yourselves, and see the castles where they lived and sang. And when you go into Germany you will see the castles where their noble cousins, the Minnesingers, or German poet-knights, lived and made their songs. And some day you will see the opera written about Tannhauser, one of the Minnesingers. You will love the beautiful music Richard Wagner wrote for the story of this poet-knight, for he loved to write about these knights of olden times, and I think he must have read Froissort's 'Chronicles,' and I am sure he went to see the old manuscripts and knew about the staff that was used, before he wrote his music."

Queen Margaret and the Robbers

By Albert F. Blaisdell (Adapted)

ONE day when roses were in bloom, two noblemen came to angry words in the Temple Gardens, by the side of the river Thames. In the midst of their quarrel one of them plucked a white rose from a bush, and, turning to those who were near him, said:

"He who will stand by me in this quarrel, let him pluck a white rose with me, and wear it in his hat."

Then the other gentleman tore a red rose from another bush, and said:

"Let him who will stand by me pluck a red rose, and wear it as his badge."

Now this quarrel led to a great civil war, which was called "The War of the Roses," for every soldier wore a white or red rose in his helmet to show to which side he belonged.

The leaders of the "Red Rose" sided with King Henry the Sixth and his wife, Queen Margaret, who were fighting for the English throne. Many great battles were fought, and wicked deeds were done in those dreadful times.

In a battle at a place called Hexham, the king's party was beaten, and Queen Margaret and her little son, the Prince of Wales, had to flee for their lives. They had not gone far before they met a band of robbers, who stopped the queen and stole all her rich jewels, and, holding a drawn sword over her head, threatened to take her life and that of her child.

The poor queen, overcome by terror, fell upon her knees and begged them to spare her only son, the little prince. But the robbers, turning from her, began to fight among themselves as to how they should divide the plunder, and, drawing their weapons, they attacked one another. When the queen saw what was happening she sprang to her feet, and, taking the prince by the hand, made haste to escape.

There was a thick wood close by, and the queen plunged into it, but she was sorely afraid and trembled in every limb, for she knew that this wood was the hiding-place of robbers and outlaws. Every tree seemed to her excited fancy to be an armed man waiting to kill her and her little son.

On and on she went through the dark wood, this way and that, seeking some place of shelter, but not knowing where she was going. At last she saw by the light of the moon a tall, fierce-looking man step out from behind a tree. He came directly toward her, and she knew by his dress that he was an outlaw. But thinking that he might have children of his own, she determined to throw herself and her son upon his mercy.

When he came near she addressed him in a calm voice and with a stately manner.

"Friend," said she, "I am the queen. Kill me if thou wilt, but spare my son, thy prince. Take him, I will trust him to thee. Keep him safe from those that seek his life, and God will have pity on thee for all thy sins."

The words of the queen moved the heart of the outlaw. He told her that he had once fought on her side, and was now hiding from the soldiers of the "White Rose." He then lifted the little prince in his arms, and, bidding the queen follow, led the way to a cave in the rocks. There he gave them food and shelter, and kept them safe for two days, when the queen's friends and attendants, discovering their hiding-place, came and took them far away.

If you ever go to Hexham Forest, you may see this robber's cave. It is on the bank of a little stream that flows at the foot of a hill, and to this day the people call it "Queen Margaret's Cave."

The Pipes O' Pan

Great Nature has a million words,
In tongues of trees and songs of birds,
But none to breathe the heart of man,
Till Music filled the pipes o' Pan.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Lawn Tennis Championships

By Tobey Revell

There has been so much discussion among local tennis enthusiasts about the European lawn tennis tournaments and the championship status of the various players that we are glad to have this resume by Mr. Revell to present to our readers.

EDITOR

WHILE no tennis match in the history of the game has ever attracted more attention than the recent contest between Miss Helen Wills and Mlle. Susanne Lenglen at Cannes, France, strange to say, no official championship, not even that of Cannes, was involved. Newspaper headlines, however, mislead many people into believing that Mlle. Lenglen had won the title of woman singles champion of the world. While, without doubt, the result of the match did prove that the French girl, on that occasion, at least, was the greatest woman tennis player in the world, no such title went with her victory.

The tournament in question, like so many of the Riviera tournaments, was a private one. It was conducted by two professional tennis players and lacked the sanction of the French Lawn Tennis Association, without which it could have no authentic standing. Moreover, even the French Lawn Tennis Association could not conduct a world's championship tennis tournament without the consent of the International Lawn Tennis Association.

This later organization, however, finally abolished world's championships in tennis after the season of 1923. That year England was allowed to hold at Wimbledon the last "championship of the world on grass," a privilege she had enjoyed for many years, and France was conceded the last "world's hard court championship" at St. Cloud, an event of much less importance. The reason for this change was the decline of English tennis players (no Englishman had won at Wimbledon since 1909) and the ascendancy of the Americans, notably W. T. Tilden, and William Johnston. The former was the first American to win the men's singles at Wimbledon, accomplishing that feat in 1920, while Johnston was the last player to hold the world's grass and hard court titles through his victories at Wimbledon and St. Cloud in 1923. Miss May Sutton, now Mrs. Thomas Bundy, was the only American victrix at Wimbledon, where she was successful in 1905 and in 1907.

Although there are now no world's championship titles, the winner of the men's singles in the American grass court championships has come to be acknowledged generally as the world's best player because of the participation of Tilden, Johnston, Richards, and the best of the foreign players in this tournament. England can no longer boast so strong a list of contenders. On the other hand, because of the presence of Mlle. Lenglen, Miss McKane, and Miss Ryan the English women's tournament has greater prestige than ours, and the winner of it is the recognized queen of the tennis world.

It is in this tournament at Wimbledon in June that Miss Wills and Mlle. Lenglen are likely to meet next. There, in a more wholesome atmosphere and under responsible and irreproachable supervision, they will contest for what may really be regarded as the world's championship in tennis.

(Continued from page 171)

be recommended by our Instructor for a First Aid certificate given by the United States Bureau of Mines—and later, when we have completed our second class scout work we will be eligible for the very pretty and effective First Aid badge to put on the sleeve of our uniforms. We will "be prepared" to do, efficiently, a "good turn" when occasion arises.

News About All Of Us

These notes, which we call "News About All of Us," are, as we all acknowledge, one of the most interesting parts of our magazine. We all have friends and relatives in one or more of the villages other than our own; many of us have lived in one or more of the villages. We have many friends in all of them. But we are busy folks and do not get to visit our friends often so we are glad to hear about them through the Employees' Magazine. Many of us have said: "I turn to the news notes the very first thing."

Now items for this department are collected and sent in by a correspondent in each village who is eager to get news from everybody—from as many sources as possible. She wants your items and will send them in. If, sometimes it happens that they are cut short or omitted it is because, perhaps, there has not been room in that issue.

Then we want, and your correspondent will send for you if you wish, pictures of children or other interesting pictures. But pictures ought to be clear and ought to carry the name legibly written on the back. Some of us have felt that perhaps pictures had not been sent because they did not appear in the magazine, when the difficulty really was the picture itself. Pictures that are cracked across might possibly be used if the subject was one which could not be reproduced—an old one. But we would rather not use cracked pictures of children when we, by waiting, might get a satisfactory one later.

The Magazine belongs to all of us and interesting news is eagerly sought by every correspondent, or may be sent directly to the magazine office, Rock Springs.

—Editor.

Rock Springs

Joe Zaversnick, who was recently injured in No. 2 mine, has recovered and returned to work.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. MacKay, formerly of Superior, have moved into the house vacated by T. A. Kruger on Rainbow Avenue.

W. L. Miller, who has been employed in No. 4 mine, has gone to Nevada, where he expects to spend the summer.

Jack Giebel, representative of the Tropical Paint & Oil Company, was a recent caller at the mine office.

Frank Pelican is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Charles Thompson, of No. 8 mine, has left for an extended visit with friends and relatives in Finland.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Blakeley have gone to house-keeping on No. 1 Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Smith, of Superior, visited with friends here last week.

Howard Young has returned to work at "E" Plaque tippie, after having been confined to his home the past three weeks following an operation on his foot.

Mrs. Clyde Crofts has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. Robert Hill, in Green River.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lightner are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a fine baby daughter.

J. P. Colletti, of No. 4 Mine, has gone to Reliance, where he is now employed in the sinking of the water-shaft at Reliance Junction.

Meredith Stobaugh received an injury to his eye while employed in No. 2 Mine.

Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Paulenko, recently underwent a major operation at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark have moved to Superior, and Martin Murphy and family have moved into the house vacated by the Clarks.

Jasper Pasini and family have gone to California, where they expect to locate.

Mrs. Dorothy Waller, who has been visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Darling, has gone to Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, for a visit with relatives.

Dave T. Faddis has gone to Superior, where he has accepted the position of master mechanic. Mrs. Faddis and children will remain here until the present school term is finished.

LeRoy McTee and family have moved from Tenth Street to the West Flat Addition.

Pete Ivanovich, who has been confined to the Wyoming General Hospital the past two months, has returned to his home.

Cumberland



This is Edna Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clark of Cumberland, who is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Chas. Congleton, at Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter (Pope) Walsh are the proud parents of a baby girl, born April 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bertagnolli are rejoicing over the arrival at their home of a baby boy.

Howard Johnson and Clyde Herman are sporting new Ajax cars.

G. A. Brown was a Rock Springs visitor during the month.

Miss Jessie McDiarmid organized the Girl Scouts while here, with about sixty members in the two villages. Mrs. Thomas Dodds, Mrs. Joe Bailey and Mrs. L. Tneker will be the Captain, and Lieutenants in No. 1 village; Mrs. Lyman Fearn will be Captain in No. 2 village, and will be assisted by two lieutenants.

Mrs. G. A. Brown, at No. 1 Village, and Mrs. Lyman Fearn, at No. 2 Village, entertained at cards in honor of Miss McDiarmid. The prize winners were Mrs. Axel Johnson, Mrs. Sam Faddis, first; Miss McDiarmid second, and Mrs. Lou Tucker consolation.

Due to the condition of the roads many people were prevented from going to Kemmerer for Easter Sunday services. Cumberland is used to being shnt in, but this winter has been an exception until the storms of the last days of March and the first days of April. However the most severe blizzard can't stop some folk, nor snow, nor sleet, nor hail, nor wind, nor, all of these together. If you don't believe it, ask Electrician Walker and his big drum.

Little Glen Boam is in Ogden for medical treatment.

Mrs. James Reese and Mrs. Eyan Reese entertained the Merry Makers Club during the month.

Mrs. Wright Walker, Mrs. C. Rock, Mrs. James Reese, and Mrs. T. Miller entertained the Five Hundred Club on Saturday, April 3rd. The tables were decorated with Easter baskets, bunnies and chicks; the

tally cards were very pretty with Easter greetings. Mrs. O. Berrier and Axel Johnson won first prize; Mrs. Ace Ronnds and Seth Ackerlund second; Mrs. James Draycott and Thomas Dodds received a chick and a glass for consolation prize.

William Goddard and family are moving to Ogden.

Winton

The monthly men gave a farewell party to Mr. and Mrs. William Reid at the Community Club House Thursday evening, April 15th. A most enjoyable evening was passed playing five hundred, after which a delicious luncheon was served. We are sorry to see the Reids leave and send our good wishes with them to their new location in California.

The death of George Aguilar, seventeen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Aguilar of Winton, occurred Thursday afternoon, March 25th at the family home. The young man was ill but three days and it is hard to believe that he has gone from among us. He was a splendid type of young manhood with a host of friends who were shocked and grieved to hear of his untimely death. George was a high school student and his future was very promising. Funeral services were held from the South Side Catholic Church in Rock Springs on Sunday afternoon, March 28th, Reverend Father Welsh officiating. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved parents and family in their great loss of a devoted son and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Finney entertained twenty couples most pleasantly at a card party Saturday evening, April 10th. Mrs. Reid and M. H. Messenger received first prizes; Mrs. M. M. Cody and L. Marceen received second prizes, and Mrs. Foote and Jack Henderson the consolation.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Henderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Cody Harris have entertained the M. M. of M. Card Club at their homes during the month.

The members of the two card clubs to which Mrs. Reid belonged, joined together and gave a most delightful farewell in her honor at the Community Club House, Friday night, April 9th. Mrs. Reid was presented with a gold fountain pen and pencil.

Evelyn Jolly was a patient at the hospital during the month, having been operated on for appendicitis.

The Girl Scouts had a "Silver Tea" and bazaar at the Amusement Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 17th. A neat sum was realized. The scouts under Captain Lucille Finney hold interesting meetings every Monday evening. They are practicing for the First Aid contest.

The Woman's Club gave their monthly card party Friday evening, April 16th, which was a social success. The Club membership is increasing and its meetings are very interesting.

Eight Hour Day was fittingly observed, the schools and places of business being closed for the day. A free picture show was given at the Amusement Hall in the afternoon.

Master Hughie Gregory entertained at a birthday party, April 3rd.

Little Miss Agnes McDowell entertained a number of small friends at a party Saturday, April 10th, the occasion being her sixth anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth have both been patients at the Wyoming General Hospital during the month.

Mr. Redfern, of Livingston, Montana, visited with his wife and baby daughter this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Messenger entertained their card club Tuesday evening, April 6th.

Mrs. Gerald Neal entertained at cards on Wednesday afternoon April 7th.

Donald Foote and family are new residents of Winton, coming from Rock Springs. Mr. Foote is the new mine foreman.



Josephine Reiva (3 years) and Martin Reiva (5 months), children of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Reiva of Cumberland.

Hanna

Mrs. Frank Rider, Jr., and children, who have been visiting with Mrs. Rider's sister, Mrs. William Schaffner at Uhm, Arkansas, returned on April 8th.

Miss Mabel Massey who is teaching at Oakley, Wyoming, visited with her mother during the week of March 15th.

Roy Bedford, Jr., the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bedford, met with a serious accident on March 17th. He was climbing over a freight train which suddenly gave a jerk, knocking him to the ground; one leg was caught under the wheels and nearly severed. He was taken to the hospital where it was found necessary to amputate the leg below the knee. The little fellow stood it very well and is getting along nicely.

Miss Iempi Matson left on March 28th to teach near Saratoga.

John W. Jackson injured his foot while at work by dropping a piece of coal on it.

J. W. Jones injured his leg while at work.

St. Margaret Guild held its Easter bazaar on April 3rd in the First Aid Hall.

The freshman class of the High School enjoyed an apron and overall dance in the gymnasium.

Mrs. John B. Hughes and daughter spent two weeks visiting relatives in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Rodgers and daughter, Donna, of Winton, visited with Mrs. Rodgers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lucas during March.

Mr. Harry Mosgrove of Virginia visited with his uncle, Robert Cardwell, for a few days.

April 1st, Eight Hour Day, was celebrated in Hanna. All the business places were closed. There was a free picture show, candy and oranges for the children in the afternoon and a free dance in the evening, given by the United Mine Workers of America.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hudson announce the arrival of a son born on April 1st. He will be named "John Wayne."

Mr. Ben Cook, who has been very ill is now convalescing.

Mr. Bullock is on the sick list with a severe attack of erysipelas.

Miss Mary Savage of Superior was the guest of Miss Lempi Annala during March.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolly Campbell are the proud parents of a son born on Sunday, April 4th.

The First Aid Social, held in the First Aid Hall recently, was well attended and much enjoyed.

A surprise party and dance was given in the Finn Hall in honor of Laina and Joe Mattila who arrived in Hanna a short time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Sharrer and son, Jack, visited with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mann over Easter Sunday.

It was with great surprise that the community learned of the marriage of Miss Frances Christensen and Ray Withrow, which took place in Denver last August.

Easter Sunday was observed in all four churches. Baptismal services were held in the Episcopal and Methodist churches, and a program was given in the Methodist church by the Sunday School in the evening. The First Baptist Church held their Easter Sunday School program on Saturday evening.

St. Margaret Guild met with Mrs. C. D. Williamson April 7th.

Mrs. William Barton entertained the Ladies Aid on Wednesday, April 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Kouris announce the arrival of a baby boy.

Superior

THE two Guild meetings of the month have been well attended and much has been accomplished in a business way, as well as being enjoyed socially. Mrs. Rud Robinson and Mrs. Francis Rogers were

hostesses March 18th.

After the business hour a quilt was framed and made ready for quilting. The next meeting was held Monday, April 5th, with Mrs. Wyllam, Mrs. Ferrell and Mrs. Marley as hostesses. Work was begun on the quilt at ten A. M. and a luncheon was served to the workers at twelve-thirty. The usual business session was held in the afternoon.

Nick Moser was pleasantly surprised on his eighteenth

Robert Hyle Sanders, Jr., Two-Year-Old Son of Dr. and Mrs.

R. H. Sanders of Superior.

freshments and gifts. The evening was spent with games and music, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Emil Droege motored to Green River Saturday, April 3rd, to attend one of the series of parties given by Mrs. Evers, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Adamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Taylor entertained a number of their friends at a Bunco Party, March 31st, prizes being won by Mrs. Purdy and Mr. Huntsman.

One of the pleasant social events of the past month was a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Persolar at their home at "D" Camp. Nine tables were arranged for five hundred, and, after several games, first prizes were won by Mrs. Ferrell and Mr. Yedinak; second by Mrs. Hudson and Mr. Ferrell; consolation by Mrs. McLennon and Mr. Deardon.



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R. B. WILLIAMS, Local Representative

The Bridge Club was entertained Thursday, March 25th, by Mrs. Ivy Massie, prize winners for the day being Mrs. Wylam, first; Mrs. Droege second; Mrs. Hagenstien consolation; Mrs. Russell winning the guest prize. Mrs. Joe Moser was hostess to the club April 8th, Mrs. Lawrence Hay winning first, Mrs. Hagenstien second, Mrs. McIntosh consolation, while Mrs. Baxter was awarded the guest prize.

Mesdames Jones, Higley and Hastings were hostesses to the Jolly Crew Five Hundred Club, March 24th. A most enjoyable evening was spent playing five hundred, and a delicious lunch was served by the hostesses.

Mrs. R. H. Sanders, Mrs. D. R. McKay, and Mrs. Joe Moser were delightfully entertained at tea, March 12th, by Mrs. Alfonse Bertagnolli at her home in South Superior.

Some excellent and much needed work has been done on the roads in the past few weeks by Chauncey Murray and his crew of men. One splendid improvement was the short cut piece of road built between the boarding house and the hospital, doing away with the old curve. A lot of other work, such as grading, scraping and levelling the roads has been done.

The Basket Ball girls gave a delightful party at the McDill home recently in honor of their coach, Mr. Sullivan, who has helped them so much in their work this year. A merry evening was spent playing "Bunce," Grace Cho and Nick Moser winning the high scores. Dainty refreshments were served by the girls.

The Relief Society has some interesting meetings and work lined up for the month. The first meeting will be devoted to a study of theology, the second will be a work and business meeting at which lunch will be served; at the third a study of literature will be taken up, and at the fourth child welfare will be the topic.

The following high school activities will be staged by Superior High School during the month of May:

- May 1st—Junior Prom, Opera House.
 - May 5th—Cantata, grade pupils, Opera House.
 - May 14th—Senior-Faculty banquet, main corridor, High School building.
 - May 16th—Baccalaureate sermon, Community church.
 - May 17th—Piano recital, High School assembly.
 - May 18th—Senior play, Opera House.
 - May 19th—Commencement exercises, Community Church.
 - May 21st—School closes.
- Senior picnic will be held when the weather permits.

Reliance

The stork has been generous to Reliance the past month, as the families of Mitchelson, Caresia, Van Luick and Takis are all rejoicing over a new arrival in their homes.

Dick Hatchett has so improved as to be able to be back at work again.

We are all glad to hear that William Telck is improving in The Wyoming General Hospital. All of Reliance's good wishes are with him.

Mr. Joe Winkler is a patient in the Hospital and our thoughts are with him.

Reliance is putting on some good dances these days; Simpson's orchestra and a good floor commend them to all.

Mrs. McPhie has gone to visit her daughter Mrs. Roy Birchard in Standardville, Utah.

Miss Georgia Prosser has gone to Boulder, Colorado, to be with her father who is quite ill.

Jimmie Stark is recovering from a tonsil operation.

The many Reliance friends of Mr. Bullock of Hanna are very sorry to hear of his serious illness.

Oh, say have you seen Mr. H. H. Hamblin in his new green upholstery? It looks fine "Ham."

The Women's Club gave another one of their enjoyable five hundred parties at the Bungalow.

Mrs. Mabel Glasgow of Rock Springs visited Reliance recently.

Catherine Sery celebrated her eleventh birthday by entertaining sixteen of her small friends.

Whoever heard of a Scotchman losing a statement which represented money? Well sir, Bill Stary could put you next to one.

Mrs. Chris Eccel and children have moved to Utah.

Mr. Barton is away on his vacation, and Joe Miller is taking his place during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Maun, and Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Roberts of Rock Springs visited Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Roberts of Reliance recently.

Tono

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barber a girl, April 9th.

"Sandy" Richardson, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, is still confined to his bed.

Geo. Paul and Dave Giffilan attended a meeting of the Caledonia Clan at Olympia, Saturday eve.

The Ladies First Aid sponsored an old time dance recently, at which we frankly admitted our age by dancing quadrilles and polkas. The community is clamoring for a repetition of the affair.

Mrs. Frank Olds entertained the Merry Wives Club with a 500 party. Five tables were in play. Mrs. Alex Turnbull carried off high honors; Mrs. Bert Holmes, second; and Miss Marion Mapletorp the consolation prize. Assisting the hostess were the Misses Sylvia Revel, Elma Erkkla and Mae Flani.

Among the First Aid ladies to attend the G. A. R. party in Centralia Tuesday afternoon were Mesdames Earl Ashe, Wm. Barber, Bert Boardman, Jim Colvin, Jim Corcoran, Dave Davis, Charles Smith, Tom Warren, Joe Patterson, E. C. Way and Clair Larsen. The Tono Ladies helped to entertain the Veterans by putting on a stretcher drill, and two-man event, which were well received.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fusco are the proud parents of a nine pound girl, born Saturday, April 10th.

Mrs. Fred Plauetta recently entertained a number of ladies at bridge. Two tables were in play. Those present were Mesdames John Isaacson, Alex Turnbull, Charles Dahlstrom, Matt Mardicott, Bert Holmes, Bob Murray and Charles Barton.

The following Seniors attended the Junior Prom in Tenino: John Hill, Florence Mardicott, Edith Barber, Anna Yedloutschnig. Among the Juniors and Sophomores to attend were: Helen Lahti, Hulda Rankin, Ezelen McBratney, Milford Meggenson, Mae Flani, James Corcoran and Mr. E. C. Way.

The Busy Bees Club met at the home of Mrs. Edith Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. James Corcoran spent a recent Sunday in Tacoma.

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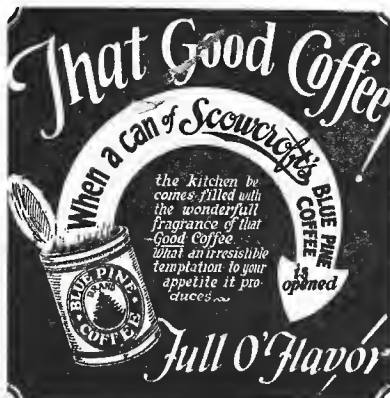
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